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THE HOLY WAR

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

—

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

—

DECEMBER

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
DECEMBER, 1918

THE HOLY WAR

BY THE EDITOR

" Back of all, underneath all, may be the onrush of democracy, designed, indeed, by God to sweep despotism from the face of the earth and open the eyes of His children to their rightful heritage of that " life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness," whose winning through conflict constitutes today the greatest boon of humankind. Perhaps, in reverent truth, a Holy War!"

Four years and three months ago, three weeks after the outbreak of the Great War, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for September, 1914, these words appeared in this place. There was in the mind of the writer no consciousness of prophecy. There was not even reaching for a conclusion through the processes of logic grounded in history. There was no more than intuition groping dimly for a solution of that which had suddenly blazed upon the horizon of the world as the problem of the ages. What could it all mean? Had God permitted the earth, hallowed by the blood and tears of his own beloved Son, to become a mere shamble to no purpose? Had Faith lost its power to point the way of understanding?

Those were not aweless reflections. They were filled with dread akin to despair. We had no illusions. We knew Germany,—her might, her confidence, her lust of world dominion. We knew the weakness but also the invincibility of England. We knew France, ready, after sitting in the shadow of death forty long years, to die in her tracks. The

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" decisive battle," widely heralded to take place within three months, we confessed we could not foresee as happening in as many years.

But why, why, why? There could be no convincing answer; but from one of wider vision came a consoling thought. After quoting the words printed above, he wrote:

" This states a great truth, one which we grasp hesitatingly and with dubious faith. It is a truth born of our intuition rather than our reasoning faculties, but it has been with me from the beginning of this conflict. For years the spirit of democracy has been abroad in the Old World. It has permeated the whole vast mass of society. The people have been a seething mass of discontent and restlessness, a great, mysterious, powerful, questioning force. They have had but little voice and no means of public expression; nevertheless, the spirit of democracy has been at work.

" I am a firm believer in the inexplicable philosophy of that kind of human progress which is started and sustained not by great personages or dominant figures nor guided by select groups of men, but which comes up by reason of the great dumb forces of oppressed and outraged and downtrodden humanity. It even seems as if the social ties and moral ligaments spun out of human relations are quite as much beyond our understanding in their making or control as in their ending and destruction. In these great moral upheavals and humanitarian movements, kings and lords and leaders are, after all, of but small concern in their bringing on the crisis or in shaping its course or in terminating it.

" This war is no more inexplicable, though on a vaster scale, than the French Revolution. It is in a sense a working out of those inscrutable forces of humanity on a more tremendous scale, a more fearful plan, but along the same lines as that which gave us the most stupendous enigma in history until now, the French Revolution.

" Some will say to such reasoning as this, ' Then you approve of this horrible war.' One might as well ask me if I approve of the French Revolution or our own Civil War. We have but little to do with approving or disapproving of them. We can but watch the forces operate, and thank our stars that the result is almost inevitably to the betterment of humanity, strange as it may seem. Humanity seems sometimes to get into a trap, and nothing but havoc and de-

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struction will enable it to get out of the trap—as in our own Civil War. The greatest political philosopher, and the most eloquent master of the mother-tongue, Burke, disapproved of the French Revolution, tried to analyze it, railed at Carnot and others, but the forces which brought it on carried it to its consummation. He never understood, and no one has since been able either to analyze or define them.

"But of this be assured, that while the cost seems fearful and wholly unnecessary, yet old Europe is no more. The Europe of the future will be freer, a more released, a more democratic Europe—the people will have a greater voice, humanity will never be weighed down again by the accursed and infamous practices, trappings, and burdens of royalty. This adds a sheen of light to the fearful darkness which now palls upon Europe. I regret to have witnessed this war, but I thank God I have lived to see the beginning of the end of old Europe."

Although this eloquent letter appeared in THE REVIEW for October, 1914, for some reason which we cannot now recall, the name of the writer was not appended. It was William Edgar Borah, then serving and just now happily re-elected as a Senator of the United States from Idaho.

And now, as we strive vainly to realize that Peace has come, how more than fully has his vision become reality! Not only is old Europe "no more," and the new Europe bound to be "freer" and the "burdens of royalty" to be lifted from the backs of the people, but *all,* not one or two or three but *all,* of the thrones of actual power have crumbled into dust. The Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, the Romanoffs and all their broods dead or fugitives in constant terror! Who four years ago could have believed it possible? Are we even yet able to realize what has happened and to comprehend all that it signifies to the countless generations to follow in "the sheen of light" that at last has dissipated the "pall of darkness" which from time immemorial has hung over the mother continent?

The cost can never be reckoned; nor, in compensation, the gain. How much of genius, of talent, of the light and beauty of life, has passed through oblivion into glory God alone can tell, but as against those incalculable losses we have reinvigorated races and reconstructed souls, such as never before inhabited the earth. And more, vastly more! Slowly

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but irresistibly, as the Phoenix of a new civilization emerges from the ashes of destruction, the forces of humanity compelled to unite in crushing the powers of evil will crystallize into a world fraternity whose one God will be, no longer the King of kings,—for kings shall be no more,—but the Heavenly Father of all mankind.

Thus ends the Holy War!

PREPARATION FOR PEACE

THE "false alarm" had one good effect. It was a reminder of our unreadiness for peace. We do not mean unreadiness for peace *per se*. For that we are always ready, and it is always welcome. We mean unreadiness for the problems and the tasks of peace and for the profound and far-reaching changes which will come upon the world and therefore in a measure upon us concurrently with the ending of the war. Mr. David Lawrence in the New York *Evening Post*—the last man and the last paper in the land that would exaggerate such a matter—reported that as a result of that premature announcement of an armistice "a panic reigned throughout Government offices, shipyards and munition factories"; and added that "the incident showed conclusively how unprepared the nation, and particularly the Government, was for the transition period. Industrial dislocation seemed imminent." Precisely the same impression was produced upon the mind of every thoughtful and penetrating observer, not only at the political capital but equally at the industrial and commercial metropolis, and indeed everywhere. The first thought was one of joy at the coming of peace. The second, crowding close upon it, was one of something like consternation and dismay at our unpreparedness for peace.

There is no satisfactory excuse for such a state of affairs, not nearly so much as there was in the minds of some for our unpreparedness for war. Mr. George Creel is devoting a portion of his valuable time day by day to rendering thanks to God that we were unprepared for war, because thus, he imagines, we avoided the suspicion and the reproach of having sought war. By analogy, then, it might be argued that our unpreparedness for peace shows that we have not been seeking peace. Probably not even Mr. Creel would wish

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to admit that conclusion. Yet it is really little better to argue as some are understood to be doing, that we do well to be unprepared for the economic readjustments of peace, because we thus avoid the suspicion and reproach of having waged a "dollar war." Such an argument is hopelessly absurd when we reflect upon the notorious circumstances of the war —that it was started by Germany without provocation and with the studied pre-intent of conquest, nearly three years before we entered it, and that we entered it purely as a matter of self-defence. To our mind it is the part of prudence, of wisdom and of patriotism to be at all times as perfectly prepared as possible for anything that may occur, and certainly to be prepared for anything the occurrence of which is certain. To argue that we should deliberately incur the evils of unpreparedness in the most serious events of our national life, simply because to be prepared might afford opportunity for some fool to misjudge us or for some knave to misrepresent us, would be a counsel of insanity.

If, however, there had been any validity in any such reason for not beginning preparations for peace in the earlier stages of our participation in the war, there can certainly be none now. There was none in March last, when, nearly a year after our entrance into the war, Senator Weeks introduced a bill providing for some businesslike steps toward preparation for the problems of returning peace. We should have thought that the manifest and eminent desirability of that action would ensure the immediate enactment of that measure. But it did not; presumably because the President, with his submissive and subservient majority in Congress, did not wish it to be enacted. He had indeed been understood some time before that to be opposed to the creation of such a commission as was contemplated in Mr. Weeks's bill; and not long after that his continued opposition to it was manifested, unless he should himself be permitted to name and direct the commission. The result is that neither Senator Weeks's bill for a Congressional commission nor Senator Overman's for a Presidential commission, has been enacted, or seems likely to be enacted.

Men speak of the problems of "reconstruction." An encyclopedia volume, written by some dozens of experts and introduced by a Cabinet Secretary, has recently been published about "American Problems of Reconstruction." Mindful of Shakespeare's epigram, we would not greatly

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haggle over a name. Yet we would not have an injudicious use of that word produce a mischievously false impression; such as indeed seems actually now to prevail in many quarters. People talk of "reconstruction" as though they thought that the United States was about to suffer such a revolution as that which Russia is passing through, or such a work as is impending in Belgium and the ravaged provinces of France. Such a conception of the duties and tasks before us is altogether misleading. It exaggerates and exploits the lesser part of the problem, to the neglect of the greater part.

The work before us consists of two parts, distinct but related. One is industrial, the other commercial; one is domestic, the other foreign. Both need prompt and serious attention. But the latter is by far the greater of the two. We know of no reason for anything like a revolution in our domestic economy; but we do know that our relations with the rest of the world, economic more than political, have been or are to be vastly transformed. There have been, it is true, some radical changes, nothing short of revolutionary, in our domestic industries and business, because of the war. But it is understood, and we believe that the nation will insist upon the understanding, that they are at least for the most part merely temporary. They are war measures, and will end with the war. We observe that some persons related to the Administration are urging that these measures be continued for some time after the war, so as to facilitate the work of "reconstruction." We should greatly doubt the necessity or the desirability of any such thing, at least beyond the limits already prescribed. In a former famous crisis in our affairs the epigram was coined, and was successfully acted upon, "The way to resume specie payments is, to resume!" So we believe that the way to restore the nation to the normal basis of peace is, to restore it. It is not to be done by retaining the abnormal conditions of war-time a single day longer than war needs require. From the notion that these war conditions are really normal, or are what should be normal, and that through some hocus-pocus they are to be permanently saddled upon the country, we absolutely dissent, and we do not believe that the nation would for a moment tolerate it, no matter by whom propounded. Indeed, we perceive in the result of the recent election, with its radical change in the political complexion of Congress, the emphatic reply of the nation to the astonish-

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ing proposal that the work of reconstruction or whatever it may be called should be entrusted to a Congress entirely subservient to the will of a President who has shown himself desirous of making the war-time changes as great as possible and of imposing them as extensively and as permanently as possible upon the ensuing era of peace.

It may be that some of the changes made as war measures will at some time be permanently adopted. We do not prophecy. But what we would insist upon, and what we believe the nation will insist upon, is this: That they shall not be fastened upon the nation in peace because they were resorted to in war, but shall be adopted, if at all, by the deliberate act of the nation after the war and upon their merits as peace conditions and not as war measures. We have regarded it as an evil thing to drag domestic politics into the war, or the war into domestic politics; and we regard it as no less evil to use the war and its needs as a means for fastening permanently upon the country any system or any principle which without the war the country would not have accepted. In one sense, then, the word "reconstruction" is apt to the present need. It is to be a reconstruction of the country not as it was before the war but as it has been during the war. It is to restore it, that is to say, as nearly as may be practicable, to the status which it was in before the war, with such changes as are simply congruous enlargements and advancements of that status. If then the nation wants to take up the work of further changes, well and good.

Now this does not mean that there are no important domestic problems of reconstruction; or readjustment, which is a better word. There are some, and they are such as might have been taken into consideration at the very beginning of the war without subjecting us to the slightest unfavorable criticism or suspicion. Extensive industries have been turned from peaceful to warlike production, and must with the end of the war be turned back again. Other extensive industrial establishments have been newly created expressly for war purposes, and must be transformed into peaceful establishments—since we shall surely not be so profligate as to destroy them or let them stand idle. We have hitherto noted that in Great Britain all the new munitions factories and other war works, far more extensive than ours, were constructed with precisely such transformation at

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the end of the war in view. Again, two or three million men have been separated from their occupations, and their places have been taken by others, largely by women. Presently they will return—most of them, thank God!—to resume their work, and the old places must be opened to them, or new places be provided for them.

These conditions, actual and impending, suggest the real character and the magnitude of the problems of returning peace in our domestic economy. They also suggest in part the character and magnitude of the tasks before us in our external affairs, that is to say, in our foreign commerce. Here is the syllogism: Our industrial plants have been enormously increased in number and size and therefore in productive capacity, and the number of our industrial workers has also been increased. Thus as soon as war production ceases our production of peaceful wares will be greatly increased over what it was before the war. That means that we must find new markets for our manufactured products, and that in turn means that we must extend our export trade. Fortunately we have, incidentally to the war, provided ourselves with the material means of so doing in shipping. It remains, therefore, for us through diplomatic and other means to secure opportunity for the utilization of our factories and fleets. And this is the very thing which we seem most to have been neglecting. We hear of other nations, great and small, creating official commissions of the most expert and authoritative character, for this very purpose; to study extension of foreign trade and to do so through visiting the foreign lands in which such extension is to be sought; but we have not heard of our own Government's doing anything of the sort. The most that we have heard on the subject has been vague talk about "freedom of the seas," which our Allies have promptly and properly slated, and about abolition of economic barriers, which our Allies have not dignified with their notice, but which in its obvious meaning will certainly be put into its proper place by the American people.

What we need to realize, vividly and promptly, is that immediately following the war there will be a revival of keen commercial competition throughout the world,—it is sheer nonsense to talk about all the great industrial and commercial nations being so prostrated that they will have to look to us for supplies for years to come,—and this, too, that

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it is not only possible but is one of the commonest things in the world for nations to have their own tariff systems without engaging in tariff wars. A protective tariff may be necessary or unnecessary; that depends upon circumstances. It may be regarded as sound or unsound in principle; that is a matter of opinion. But to pretend that the adoption of it necessarily makes the nation a bad neighbor to the others, is simply silly. It is to fly in the face of history, of observation, and of common sense. Of all the Allied nations, which are judiciously contemplating co-operation in the act of peace-making and also in the ensuing processes of peace-preserving, we have no idea that a single one dreams of abrogating its individual sovereignty, in either economics or in politics; or imagines that it will impair that co-operation by maintaining its own tariff system any more than by maintaining its own form of currency or its own system of voting at elections.

What this nation, and what its government acting for it, needs to do, promptly and energetically, and in a practical and not a faddish manner, is to prepare for the abolition of the exaggerated paternalism and autocracy which have been imposed upon it as supposed necessities of war; to prepare for the peaceful use of our vastly extended factory systems and for the industrial employment of the returning legions; and to seek a secure footing in the markets of the world for the increased products which our mercantile fleets will be ready to transport. We say, a secure footing. We now enjoy far greater trade in some foreign markets than ever before in our history; quite apart from the special commerce in war munitions and food supplies. We enjoy it because the war has handicapped those who formerly were our successful rivals. We do not expect that we shall again in this generation have to meet the competition of Germany; unless the Allied peace commissioners are all stricken with incurable insanity. But there are two or three of our closest friends and allies who will be our competitors, without being any the less our good friends. They will think none the less of us if we look out as keenly as possible for our own commercial interests, as they intend to do for theirs. Indeed, if we do not do so, they will think the less of us—at least of our common sense.

We entered the war quite unprepared, and were in it a year before we were able to make our participation effec-

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tive. But happily our Allies were able to bear the burden and the heat of the day for us until we could complete our belated preparations. If we enter peace unprepared, there will be nobody thus to conserve our interests for us, but the loss which we sustain will be irreparable. That is why it behooves us to bestir ourselves with all the energy and with all the vision of which we are capable. The years of war are ending, with all their abnormal conditions, and the illimitable era of peace is dawning upon us. The duty of the day is that we shall prepare for it, for its problems, for its tasks, for its duties, for its opportunities, and that we shall do so as we would have our heroes acquit themselves in the war, " without fear and without reproach."

OUR PLACE AT THE PEACE TABLE

We have filled our place in the war. Now comes the filling of that in the councils of peace. We did our war work well; none better. And we are not likely, now or hereafter, at home or abroad, among friends or among foes, to lack due credit for it. It now remains for us to see to it that our work in the making and keeping of peace is done at least comparably well. That is not to be automatically achieved. It will not " come by nature." It will require our most careful thought and most earnest and persistent efforts.

There has been a far too common assumption that the United States is to be the commanding figure at the peace table. That rests upon three premises. The first is that " we won the war "; which is to be challenged. The second is that we are the one nation among the Allies that is not moved by selfish aims; which is neither entirely true nor in any degree convincing. The third is that the other Allies desire us to have such rank; which appears to be untrue.

We say that the first assumption is to be challenged. We shall not, we would not, in the infinitesimalest degree minimize the part which America has performed toward winning the war. The efficient energy of the War Department was magnificent—after it got started, and especially when the Secretary of War himself was three thousand miles away and therefore unable to put on the brakes. The skill of our commanders and the valor of our soldiers were both above all praise, all the way from Belleau Wood to Sedan

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and after. For all these things, and for still more, no credit can be too great. Yet the fact of obvious record remains that we have not done in the war a tithe of the fighting nor suffered a tithe of the losses that our Allies have. We have not put as many men in the field or spent as much money as either France or Great Britain; not as many or as much absolutely, and only a small fraction proportionately to our population and wealth. Those nations bore the whole stress and sacrifice of the war, for our protection, for four years before we effectively entered it, while we were growing rich through profitable war work. At the eleventh hour we entered the war, fresh and vigorous, and turned the scale with comparatively trifling effort, loss and expense. That entitles us to grateful credit, but not to a dominant voice in determining the terms and conditions of peace.

The second assumption is not wholly true, and if it were it would not be convincing. It is true that we did not enter the war and have not waged it with selfish aims, in the sense, for example, that Prussia waged her wars against Denmark, Austria and France, and that Germany started this war. We are not seeking conquests and loot. But then neither are the others. Our Allies did not enter the war voluntarily; they were forced into it, defensively, by Germany's attack upon them. Not one of them has been seeking conquest in the predatory Prussian sense. Belgium asks nothing more than to have her own restored to her. France asks nothing more than the restoration of what Germany stole from her in 1914, and in 1871. Italy is seeking no conquests, but merely the redemption of her own which Austria has been withholding from her for many years. The same is true of Serbia. Nor can we concede that there is anything like arbitrary and predatory conquest in Great Britain's occupation of the German colonies; because it is not yet determined whether she is to retain them, because if she should retain them they would be merely part payment of the enormous bill of damages which Germany justly owes, and because it would be the height of folly and injustice to return to Germany territories which she has so infamously ill-administered, and which she could presently use again as bases from which to menace the peaceful world.

We say, then, that we can perceive no damning self-seeking nor sordidness in the attitude of our Allies in the war, any more than in our own. They are at most seeking

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restoration of their own, indemnity for their losses, and guarantees for future safety; which are exactly what we ourselves are seeking. We have hitherto demanded, even before we entered the war, indemnity for the destruction of American shipping and American lives, and we have not heard that we have ever decided to abandon those demands. If we should not inexorably insist upon the strongest and amplest possible guarantees against further Hunnish deviltry, we should pillory ourselves as fools and as traitors to the cause of humanity. On this ground, therefore, we cannot perceive that we have any title to moral exaltation above our Allies, or any title to a superior place at the peace council-board. On the contrary, if this ground is to be considered at all as a title to precedence, it is obvious that the other nations have suffered far greater losses than we, and because of their proximity to the den of the Huns need if possible stronger guarantees of security; circumstances which would entitle them to more commanding voices than our own in the peace conference.

There remains the third assumption, that the Allies voluntarily concede us precedence in the peace council; which we regret to regard as quite incorrect. We must gratefully recognize their courteous deference toward us, and the generous manner in which they have overlooked various shortcomings and solecisms which in other circumstances would have been the subject of much and unfavorable comment. There is no reason to suppose that they have any thought of ignoring the legitimate influence of this country, or of questioning its peership in the council of the nations. But the cold fact is that they have not implicitly accepted our leadership, and indicate no intention of so doing. They accepted tentatively, as what Rufus Choate called glittering and sounding generalities, the President's fourteen or twenty-three Commandments,—though a distinguished Frenchman is said to have observed that "even *le bon Dieu* had only ten!"—but when it became necessary to get down to the business of peace-making and of committing themselves to specific terms, they very courteously but very positively insisted upon either cancelling or interpreting for themselves some of his most salient and most characteristic proposals. That they have any thought of accepting his unqualified dictation, or of regarding him or America as the arbiter of the world, is simply incredible.

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The fact is that on every ground and according to every principle that is valid and convincing, the European nations are entitled to a voice superior to our own in the peace conference; superior, we mean, not in rights and dignity, but in determining force. They have borne more of the burden of war, they have suffered greater wrongs and losses, and they are in need of stronger protective guarantees for the future. It is for them, then, rather than for us, to declare the satisfactory terms of peace. We indeed recognized that fact, in the most practical way, when we agreed to the appointment of Marshal Foch as Generalissimo over the Allied armies. The same principle was again finely recognized by the President when he referred the Austrian Government to the Czecho-Slovaks for terms of armistice; and the final recognition was in the reference of Germany to Marshal Foch for terms. Thus were established precedents for our course in the peace conference. It is for us to let our Allies take the initiative in formulating the specific terms of peace, and for us simply to support them in their demands; assuming always, of course, compliance with general principles in which we and they are alike equally interested.

In the consistent pursuit of this policy we shall in the best possible manner demonstrate the sincerity of our own professions of disinterestedness and unselfishness. What is from a practical point of view still more important, we shall vindicate that essential principle of the Monroe Doctrine and of our long established foreign policy which we are not willing to have abandoned or compromised. That is, that we do not interfere in those European affairs which do not concern our interests, welfare and integrity. We have taken part in the war, because it did and does very directly and vitally concern us, and our intervention in it was no violation of either the letter or the spirit of the Doctrine. So we may insist upon certain conditions of peace, because they also concern us. But we should not intrude ourselves into the settlement of purely intra-European controversies which do not concern us, but should leave them to our Allies to determine, contenting ourselves with backing them up.

That will not circumscribe the scope of the peace conference or of our participation in it. It will on the contrary permit the widest possible expansion of that scope. Mr. G. K. Chesterton in one of his most mordent comments upon the war has described it as " a war to undo the work of crim-

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inals. . . . We wish," he continues, " to undo the evil that annexation has done; not to treat as unthinkable the annexation proposed on Thursday last while treating as sacred the annexation effected on Tuesday." That, *mutatis mutandis,* may be interpreted as saying that it is a war to undo the crimes of Prussia; and that we propose to undo the thefts which she has committed, and while we insist upon undoing the theft of 1914, not to consider as outlawed and sanctioned by lapse of time the theft of 1871.

That is sound logic, and sound morals; and while it was not and is not for us to take the initiative of intervention to that end, it is fitting and expedient for us to give full faith and credit to our Allies in their decision in the case, and to support them in making it effective. We know, from our own experience, the falsity and predatory nature of the Prussian Hun, and we are quite warranted in accepting as conclusive our Allies' indictment of him for his crimes against them. We must support them in undoing his crimes of 1914, and if they insist upon it, those also of 1871, and of 1866, and of 1864; and indeed of 1772, since what is theft from France or Denmark is equally theft from Poland. Those acts were all equally evil, equally the work of a criminal. They have all been connected in an unbroken chain, the consistent policy of predatory autocracy.

We shall not say that it is for us to undertake a general house-cleaning in Europe. But since this series of Prussian crimes, extending over nearly a century and a half, culminated in a direct attack upon ourselves, we need not consider ourselves bound to be content with merely repelling the attack; but, if our Allies, who were attacked and wronged in the earlier parts of the series, wish to undo the whole, we shall be justified in backing them up not only with moral countenance but also with whatever physical force may be necessary to effect that end. That will be our place and policy at the peace table, and it will be a course consistent with our history, sufficient for our present requirements, auspicious for the future, and altogether prudent, wise and honorable.

THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS

We might easily be at a loss to determine, if we were compelled to make the choice, whether the more to congratulate

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the President or the Nation upon the result of the November elections. That such greetings are due to both, is gratifyingly obvious.

The supreme desire of the President has been granted. That was, of course, for a loyal Congress, a Congress fully in sympathy with what he himself has expressed as the objects of the war, and fully resolved to prosecute the war, and to follow up the readjustments of peace after the war, until those objects are attained for the present and safeguarded for the future. Standing so close to the scene as to lack a proper perspective, unfortunately isolated from the general public, surrounded by advisers not of conspicuous disinterestedness, and possessed of a certain passionate partisanship, it was not surprising that the President was betrayed into a thought that such support would best come from his own political faction, and thus into an ante-election utterance which has doubtless been a cause of even greater regret to him than of astonishment and disappointment to the country. The redemption of the situation thus caused was of necessity in the response of the people to his appeal. That response rang true, and the redemption is complete.

The President must, we are sure, realize as clearly as does the Nation, that it was immeasurably best for the letter of his appeal to be denied, in order that its spirit might be granted. For that was precisely what happened. He asked for a Democratic majority in Congress, and he did not get it. He really wished for a loyal majority, and that he did get. If his impetuous and ill-advised electioneering propaganda had literally succeeded, he would have been the President of the Democratic party, backed by it alone, and dependent upon its maintained majority for the permanence of his policy. With that wisely and mercifully denied him, he can now rejoice in being the President of the whole Nation, and in being resolutely supported in his war policy—and in his peace policy after the war—by both parties alike. In the former case he would have stood before the world with the backing of only one party. Now he stands before it with the backing of the Nation regardless of party. Surely it is better so.

Nobody has ever more clearly expounded than has Mr. Wilson the great fundamental fact that Congress, after all, is the ultimate authority in all matters of government, because it consists of the direct representatives of the people,

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chosen by the people to exercise all legislative powers; and that it is the duty of the President, apart, of course, from the use of advice and of the veto, to render, in his own words, "unquestioning obedience to Congress." It is that fact which above all others was vindicated in the late elections. The people chose their representatives, whom they purposed to invest with supreme governmental authority; and they did so without yielding to any extraneous dictation or impertinent demands. Recognizing the propriety of this action, and indeed the necessity of it if the American system of democracy is to be maintained, the President will acquiesce with a loyalty comparable with that which Congress has shown toward him; and the foreign world will be immeasurably impressed with the spectacle of a great nation in which, so far as its external policies are concerned, "politics is adjourned."

The Nation may well felicitate itself upon this result. It would in itself be a petty and an inconsiderable thing for one party or the other to win a victory at the polls. It is a great thing for the Nation itself to win the victory, so that it can demonstrate to the world that so far as its external relations are concerned it does not matter whether Republicans or Democrats are in the majority.

It was a great triumph for true democracy, peculiarly grateful and beneficent for consistency's sake just at the moment when we were reaching the culmination of the world-wide struggle for democracy among all nations. A new glory is added to the triumphs of peace, in our ability to exhibit this new vindication of the freedom of democratic choice and of the coherence and essential unity of purpose of a democracy no less than of an autocracy. Indeed, the rule of the people is to-day seen to be more consistent and more permanent in its salient policies than that of any personal sovereign. From this commanding point of view, November 5 must rank comparably with November 11 itself as a gratefully memorable date in American history.

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THE COMING PEACE CONGRESS

BY ROLAND G. USHER

THE vivid fears of a considerable and by no means uninfluential group of internationalists in this country and in England will not down that somehow imperialistic elements in the Allied countries themselves, however they may at the peace congress penalize Germany, or distribute Austria, apportion Asia Minor, or dispose of Constantinople and the Turk, will nevertheless carefully provide that imperialism as such shall be placed firmly in the saddle, and will then, by the familiar methods of the old secret diplomacy, barter away the fair heritage of democracy and the future of internationalism. Freed now from Kaiserism in Germany, we are to meet the not less serious menace of imperialism at home. Stilled into a frightened silence by the magnitude of the peril during the war, the pack will find tongue and give cry now that the quarry has been downed, and a scene will take place in London or Paris which, however veiled from the public eye, will rival the scenes at Vienna in 1814, or at Berlin in 1878. To avert this "peril" there is at present much writing and more speaking, with an aggregate to follow which paralyzes the imagination. Such men believe the whole issue of the war at stake, see it won and in the same moment lost.

Some center their attentions upon the nature of the peace congress. They feel that if a certain kind of session might be provided in a hall where considerable numbers of the general public might listen to a presumably illuminating discussion, the worst plans would be incapable of execution. The order of business, too, engages them. If they themselves could prescribe it, they feel that the congress might be led gently from one great proposition to another, and thus the guns of militarism and autocracy among the Allies be spiked before they could be discharged. They would print, day by day, the

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records of debates and thus keep the public so promptly and convincingly informed of what was said as to influence the deliberations of the delegates themselves. The ratification of the peace by popular vote or by specially elected assemblies seems to many a safeguard of the utmost value.

Others center their attention upon the personnel of the delegates, convinced that so long as a certain class of men attend the congress, procedure and publicity will be futile to prevent the success of their machinations. Let us have no more bespectacled and frock-coated gentlemen, sleek, well-groomed, smooth-spoken, nonchalantly smoking cigarettes at desks or around a table. Let us elect openly in the various countries the men who are to represent us. Let the people with a large P choose delegates, and labor with a large L sit at the congress, and imperialism will indeed be defeated. These issues are already practical politics. It is high time that those who have not thought about these questions should begin to think, and that those who have already thought should review and revise their conclusions as promptly and as thoroughly as they may.

There are those who feel with me that this radical and idealist campaign by the internationalists is not without its objections at the present time because of its professed design to force the hand of the President in this country and of the responsible ministers in all Allied countries. The latter have already accepted the general proposition of a league of nations and have pledged themselves to the attainment of as advanced a form as is practicable at this moment. The agitation is objectionable, again, because the majority of those advocates seem to forget that, though we are settling peace for the future, we have also a reckoning to demand for an uncommonly ugly past, and the latter may make temporarily inadvisable certain types of international organization. The President will look well that the baby is not thrown out with the bath, and the anxious cries arising from so large a number of these idealists are unnecessary.

There is further no reasonable doubt that this radical campaign gives encouragement to the Germans. They see the probable advantages which they may derive from it in the modification of the practical terms demanded of them, the possible limitation of territorial concessions, the prohibition of indemnities, the readiness and willingness of many to insist that unless the good faith of the Germans is presumed inter-

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nationalism will be a farce. The wider spread this propaganda becomes the more the Germans will argue that it represents a considerable section of the thinking population, and the more inclined they will be to question the extent and promptitude of the support which President Wilson can command; the more they will insist that the United States is not at one with its Allies. The election of a Republican Congress has not helped matters, as the President foresaw, and, Republicans and Social-Democrats though they be, the Germans at the Peace Congress will still do what they can to save something from the wreck.

Fundamentally, these radicals fail to understand the psychology of the Allied peoples. They see them as Americans living in Europe; they imagine them to be, except for the fact of residence, what they are themselves, and to be able to achieve that peculiar mental detachment upon international issues which it is to be hoped will become less common in America in the future. The problem of the generations to come is by no means an abstraction, and to suppose that it can be divorced from specific relation to the past and present in the minds of the European peoples is to ask more than flesh and blood can achieve. They ignore in addition the psychological effects of the war itself. Begun in aggression and continued in brutality and ruthlessness, the method alone of the conduct of the war, to say nothing of its origin, cannot fail to influence the minds of those who have been in immediate contact with it. The problem of peace is to them inextricably bound up with the fettering of Germany. Internationalism, as a separate, purely abstract issue to which the causes and character of the war have a merely vicarious relation is to them unthinkable.

I have never been able to agree with the arraignment of Great Britain, France, and the United States as imperialistic. I do not see that any one of them can fairly be said to have been in the grip, for a longer or shorter time, of aggressive, selfish, imperialistic politicians. The facts so volubly cited seem to me capable of other constructions. While it would be idle to deny that there are in all countries men who would be glad to conquer, seize, and despoil, there are no imperialistic groups in any of the Allied nations who can fairly be compared with imperialistic Germany, whose policies have ever been dominant in the same sense, or who will be or can be a menace to the future peace of the world in any such way.

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I see in the minds of the majority of the Allied peoples of Europe a practical sense of the inevitable importance of some definite territorial and financial arrangements to the eventual achievement of an international organization which will answer the lofty aspirations and expectations of mankind. I see again some of the profoundest and finest elements of human nature stirred to their depth by very tangible wrongs. I see a generation of men who have for some decades lived in deadly fear of the very horror which has been visited upon them in a measure which their wildest imaginations never conceived possible. Here in America, separated from Europe by thousands of miles of ocean, separated from the thought of Europe by a fancied isolation of policy and a mental detachment a century old, we find it hard to grasp these impulses and experiences. They are to many of us not merely the feelings of other people but of another age, characteristic perhaps of an age which should not have survived, unworthy of enlightened men.

But who of us has not found that the great experiences of life cannot be vicariously understood? The problem of adjusting one's self to another individual is not capable of solution by theory; one must be married and try it. Birth, death, and parenthood, all the vital and elemental experiences, must be personal, must be lived, if their real meaning is to be grasped. Internationally, the majority of Americans are no better than children who have yet to meet life's problems, experience the elemental emotions and passions. We look upon war as a young man regards business, and upon peace perhaps as a young girl regards matrimony. This peace congress which is to assemble will be made up of men, and it may be women, who have undergone mental, national, and racial experiences of which we Americans have literally no personal knowledge, individually or nationally. We have never felt the shuddering horror that comes from the consciousness of an invading army within our borders, nor counted its toll of victims, nor realized that the atrocities related occurred at our own homes, and that our friends and relatives were the people mutilated and worse. The Europeans will come to the congress fired with a great and idealistic vision of permanent peace for the future, stirred to the bottom of their hearts with the determination to exorcise, as far as may be within their power, any such horrors from the lives of their children and grandchildren for generations to come. But they will also be

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determined to achieve for themselves immediate relief from certain extremely practical and well-defined apprehensions of whose location and character they are by no means in doubt. Drawn one way by some of the finest and loftiest aspirations of which man is capable, they will also be influenced by some of the most elemental experiences human beings can undergo. It will be idle for us to suppose for an instant that they can see either abstractly, or can think of the one except in terms of the other. The internationalists conceive with ease of the readiness of the European peoples to sacrifice the vision of the future to the fact of the war, but they cannot so easily conceive of their absolute inability, because of the war, to forget the vision in the immediate necessity of reckoning with autocracy.

Internationalists achieve with greater ease a similar detachment upon the problems of peace. But the complex situation which the congress must consider has not merely a future, but a past—a remote past more real to them by far than our Civil War is to anyone now alive. They will not speak entirely for themselves nor of themselves. No problem will appear but has a past which will influence the attitude and feeling of the men there present to such a degree that it will become a living fact, endowed really with personality and vitality incomprehensible to an American of the present day who knows in his own consciousness no such issue. In comparison issues of international organization fall into the background, not because Europeans lack idealism, but because it is impossible for them to view internationalism as an abstract problem to be balanced off against other issues abstractly considered or as an abstract basis for the settlement of immediate problems. The decisions which will be reached at the peace congress will proceed from deep, unconscious, elemental promptings, experiences, and aspirations.

To such men come the theoretical internationalists with their elaborate plans for a league of nations, not of that practical sort which the President and the European Premiers seem to have in mind, but a specious and exacting array of committees, tribunals, and codes, with talk of sovereignties and equals, with a place for Germany and a chair for Austria, not in the sun to be sure, but equidistant from it with everyone else's seat. It is a plan which depends literally upon mutual confidence between all the contracting parties, upon hearty coöperation, upon good faith and the literal probabil-

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ity that each nation is to receive from others some measure of the Golden Rule. Provisions are made for the punishment of those who break its laws, but to those who have lived this war the scheme involves nothing more nor less than the necessity of trusting Germans. To them that is tantamount to forgetting the origin of the war and condoning its atrocities. If Germany is trustworthy, what need of guarantees and indemnities? If the wrong was committed by imperialist politicians and generals, let them be exiled and executed, but why impose an indemnity upon the German people whom they misled and slaughtered? There may be in that argument excellent logic, but they who have suffered and bled cannot rid themselves of the haunting fear that, if the Germans were once misled, they may be again deceived. Possibly, too, the people at large had their share in the responsibility. The fear of Germany is and ought to be too strong to countenance a plan which postulates as its fundamental concept the trustworthiness of Germany.

The premises of internationalism furthermore presume that nationality is less admirable and desirable than a cosmopolitan sympathy among all peoples, yet the truth is that the great majority of the men in the Allied countries have found their strongest personal impulse one of nationality and patriotic pride in their country and their race. Many of the smaller countries have seen the chief aim of the war in the reunion of racial elements long sundered. Good or bad, nationalism has been and is still a powerful conscious and subconscious force in most individuals in Europe. Here we are so secure in our general cosmopolitan-like Americanism, in our national compound of all other nationalities, that we do not conceive readily of the strength and character of the feelings which others entertain. No Serbian, Belgian, or Roumanian wishes to be told that nationalism is a less admirable trait than a general cosmopolitan tolerance for everybody. No Frenchman nor Britisher believes or wants to believe that he is no better than the Boche.

The publicity of diplomatic discussions will be effective in controlling the congress only if the delegates can be prevented from making agreements previous to the congress or between its sessions. This is a practical issue of a breadth apparently unsuspected. It will be difficult if not impossible to prevent any discussions outside the public sessions so long as there remains anything to be disputed which the contract-

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ing Powers would prefer not to debate in public. There will be no more "secret" conclaves, publicly avowed; nor sessions in which a few astute gentlemen will pledge their various nations to important decisions without previous or subsequent information to the people of the various countries of what was done or pledged. In the past the coming of these diplomats has been heralded and trumpeted and the public has anxiously watched in the press for the news that Prince So and So smiled pleasantly when he met Sir So and So, that the King of This was seen taking his coffee amicably with the King of That, that the Tsar made a joke at which the Kaiser laughed. They felt that somehow they thus secured a clew to what was being said in the sessions behind those closed doors.

But if discussions are to take place, the men who attend must be in the same town; certain of them will live—and it will be physically impossible to prevent it—within a certain small radius of space, and so long as some unavoidably eat with each other, meet each other on the street, or may clamber around fire-escapes into each other's rooms at two in the morning, to say nothing of having met each other weeks previously in secret, it will be impossible to be sure that no conversations have preceded the public sessions, and that no midnight colloquies of diplomats in pajamas rather than in court dress convened between the sessions. Short of putting them in solitary confinement for several months before and for all periods between sessions, the possibility of conversations, otherwise than in public, cannot be foreclosed. So long as such discussions are possible, previous agreements can and possibly will be made.

One objection to a literal publicity lies in the existence of a good many issues to decide of a type which commonly are incapable of compromise once the facts have been made public. They are not issues of law nor questions of evidence or of history; they are issues of comparative power, of relative fears, or are clashes of nationalist ambitions. What sort of a debate would take place in public between the Serbians, the Albanians, the Jugo-Slavs, and the Greeks over the question of the rearrangement of territorial boundaries in the western Balkans? Even if we suppose that the Italian Irredentists can be kept entirely silent, the difficulty here is that five parties believe they have convincing claims to the same territory, and all cannot receive it. Some sort of a com-

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promise is inevitable. Some or all of them will be compelled to accept less than the people of those various countries are quite determined to have. It would be painful to compel the delegates to debate that compromise in public, and would certainly not redound to the unity of the Allies at the Congress, nor probably promote good feeling between those various peoples in the years to come. But the vital objection to publicity in diplomacy is the chance it will give the Germans to defeat the aims and purposes of the war by a specious usage of possible or probable disagreements, or by the revelation of objectionable and unpleasant facts about the attitudes of the various Allies in the past to the Central Powers or to each other. The Europeans, who are more experienced than we are sounding still the note of caution: some real earnest of the reconstruction of Germans is going to be necessary and it will require time before its sincerity can become evident.

It is unfortunate, but there seems to exist a disposition to ignore the importance of the truly tremendous gains already won during the war for internationalism. Indeed it might be said that so much has already been won that the internationalists hope to achieve everything. The peace conference, as the Allies have already sketched it, will be for the first time a truly international gathering. For the first time non-European nations will be effectively present. The United States, Japan, and the British self-governing colonies will be participants, and not spectators as at Algeciras. The old basis of internationalism was purely European; it is now literally international and intra-continental. The old European conference of six Powers in which the affairs of the world were settled in accordance with European interests is gone forever. A more vital, more sweeping, more fundamental change is scarcely to be thought of; compared to it the whole panoply of mechanical arrangements of peace congresses, tribunals, and committees, fades literally into insignificance.

It is again openly admitted that the old international law was in practice little better than the rules of the admiralty courts of the six European Powers. The law which governed Asia and Africa was made in Europe and rejected in America. All the Allied nations now stand committed to the creation and adoption of an international code, which may fall short of a whole-hearted adoption of the theoretical code elaborated in the last two centuries by professors and stu-

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dents, but which will none the less be for the first time in history an international law based upon intercontinental and intra-national considerations. These propositions, indeed, are not considered open to debate; they have been accepted by all the Allies as facts and they will govern the character of the debates in the new peace congress. Broad guarantees of a type and character never before dreamt of have been given by the great Powers to all neutral and small nations of their sovereignty and independence. The freedom of the seas has been pledged as never before. The sanctity of treaties is a proposition not open to dispute. These far-reaching, fundamental, and significant steps will change the whole character of the peace conference, but they have been created by the war itself and are not to be disturbed by the deliberations of groups of men around a table, nor by the tongues of a thousand delegates in a peace palace.

But beyond these, the practical questions which will appear are to be gaged by their relation to one very great and immediate object. The peace congress is to be so conducted as to give Germany no practical chance to avert the consequences of defeat or to destroy the reality of victory by sowing dissension among the Allies in secret or public discussions over the terms. So serious have been past experiences, that the European Allies felt it of the utmost consequence that the adjustment of their own vital interests with each other should be made previous to the peace congress, if possible during the war, and should not be at the conference itself either discussed or open to debate. A number of extremely explicit arrangements and engagements were therefore signed and have been in one way or another made public. They are still accepted as binding and do in a very real sense predetermine the outlines of the coming peace. Some modification of these treaties in the light of subsequent events may indeed be expected to form part of the work of the congress. Certain slight changes in the relations between the various Allies are entirely possible. There will be, furthermore, issues not covered by the treaties to be discussed and decided. There will be the cases of the small nations, of the neutral states, of conflicting claims. These can be and many of them will be publicly discussed; some of them in their very nature cannot be and will not be publicly considered. The Conference will then dictate to Germany the terms the Germans must accept, in all probability not in public, but there will be eventually a public

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session in which the terms will be announced which the Germans have privately agreed to accept and to which they will then formally agree.

Unfortunately, a considerable number of the unofficial advisers of the President do not seem to see, as surely he does, the great danger that American insistence upon literal publicity of diplomacy beyond a certain elemental point may be misconstrued abroad as distrust in the United States of the Allies' own purposes, and as a desire to thwart plans which their statesmen and leaders believe essential for the practical settlement of immediate issues. Some American idealists and some in England and France have been demanding in so many words a change of government in Allied countries as not less necessary than one in Germany. They complain that the men who have fought the war in their own states are barely less dangerous to the future of internationalism than the Kaiser himself, only in less degree determined to prevent its erection and to create an imperialism only less offensive than that of Germany. These men are anxious to put the British Labor Party in the saddle, to expel certain statesmen in France and in America from the council of nations. Naturally such men speak for themselves and the serious minded will not impute their plans to the President, but there is some danger that considerable sections of Allied opinion may feel that these gentlemen represent in this country an influential element of public opinion.

It would be a calamity for the United States to part company in any sense or in any degree with her European associates in arms whether on issues of internationalism or of explicit territorial arrangements in Europe. It should be said advisedly that if the Allies should conclude that the support of the United States was doubtful for such explicit arrangements as they themselves deem essential to safeguard them from German interference in the future, a secret peace might be signed between them covering European arrangements alone. They cannot themselves create or ratify international arrangements, but the terms which concern Europe alone they can make without consulting us and perhaps contrary to our intentions and interests. Such a result would be lamentable indeed and would go far to destroy the solid achievements toward internationalism which have already been made. It will be necessary for the United States to accept in absolute good faith the decisions of the Europeans so far as they

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concern directly their own internal arrangements or their own immediate relations with each other. These are no more questions which we should expect them to allow us to decide than we should in turn permit them to dictate to us our relations to Porto Rico or the revision of the Platt amendment with Cuba. A not inconsiderable number of the issues which will appear at the peace conference will be of this character, and they will expect us to accept on these questions their own good faith and honorable intentions as they will expect to accord us similar treatment upon questions primarily American. It seems probably more essential that we should agree with them even at the cost of some compromise in practical and abstract matters than that the United States should at this juncture attempt by pressure to secure a greater measure of internationalism than Europeans deem practical in view of the origin of the war and of its conduct.

ROLAND G. USHER.

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LEAGUE OR ENTENTE

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

"A League to Enforce Peace" expresses an idea with which we all sympathise. The whole world is talking of such a league. But while we cast our eyes forward toward the establishment of some formal International Police Force as the ultimate outcome of the war, let us not forget that an informal league,—an Entente or Vigilance Committee,—is most effectually enforcing the peace of the world at the present moment, and is likely to rule it for some years to come. And this for practical reasons:—There is no way of uniting the large nations with the small ones in any formal pact that would work. You cannot give all the members an equal vote, and if you attempt to solve the problem by proportional representation you will get an unwieldy deliberative body which will become a maelstrom of intrigue.

The points to be settled during the next few years will be an infinitude of details, each of which must be settled quickly and according to the loose and handy wisdom of the moment based upon a few abstract ideas and upon as little dogmatic theory as possible. For instance, the Balkan peoples and the various nations of Austro-Hungary may require some years of miscellaneous experiment before they settle down into permanent political groups. During this period they should be interfered with as little as possible, and the Entente Vigilance Committee will be obliged to act as if it were a police force in charge of a Socialist meeting. No formal league of nations could perform this function, which is in its nature executive and paternal. The same may be said as to the thousand and one international disputes which will arise between all the nations in the near future, and as to which a *modus vivendi* must be arrived at in each case as soon as possible.

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There is a very great advantage in this method of procedure—namely that the public attention of the entire world will be attracted to events as they arise; and the Entente Vigilance Committee will be obliged to act in the light of a fiercer publicity than could be thrown upon the proceedings of any complex league of nations with its machinery, its committees, its tribunals, etc. The interests of the smaller nations will be better protected by the public opinion of the world at large than it could be by a grant to each of them of any kind of formal self-protection.

The Allies are to-day the trustees of the world. They have the confidence of the radicals of Europe and America, so far as the military part of the war goes. They are somewhat distrusted by the radicals of the world so far as reconstruction goes. No situation could be more advantageous than this to the cause of righteousness. Every act of the Allies in every country of Europe will be scrutinized by the whole world's democracy; and any show of self-interest, partiality or doubtful dealing will be greeted by dangerous clamor from the Socialists and idealists of all countries. The Allies know that the Peace of the World depends upon their retaining the confidence of the world, and that every outcry against their administration is a menace to the peace of the world. They will not be able to act in the dark about anything: for it is formal machinery, it is constitutions, by-laws, officialdom and formation which enables men to act in the dark. If, for instance, the Entente in dealing with Mesopotamia acts in a way that displeases the nonconformist of England, the man in Manchester will get a hearing on the subject. His criticisms will be heeded, because they will be a menace to the world's peace. That man's sense of justice must be conciliated or the whole Entente may be disrupted. The mere suspicion of self interest raised against one of the leading members of the Entente will excite danger everywhere. The smaller nations will be protected by the major power in the moral world.

In other words, the forces that make for altruism are to-day in the strongest position which they ever assume in human government. They are in the hands of a vigilance committee which has a popular mandate behind it.

To compare great things with small:—the Reformers have just won an election. They have noble aims. They have based their appeal on the best motives of man. They have

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not sullied their own record in any way. They hold the attention and have the confidence of the people. Let them not try to form a political party, or to eternize their work by formal machinery of any kind; for if they do, they will dissipate their own virtue. Let them not try to bottle their commodity: for it cannot be bottled.

I do not contend that there should never be any political parties, or that in the future a League of Nations may not come into existence. I only suggest that the vision of a united world which we have all had during the last four years of war cannot be grafted upon any League of Nations now or soon to be set up; and that the premature attempt to set up such a league will be accompanied by a terrible disillusion. The Entente as it exists, sanctified as it is by the glory of a righteous and successful war, and freighted with the hopes of humanity, is a more likely vehicle for the partial fulfilment of that issue than any league which the wit of man can devise at the present time. That the heroic virtue which now controls the Entente will last forever or lead to a millennium is not to be expected. The best that we can hope is that the subsidence of this selfless virtue may be gradual, and that some of its good influences may pass into the newer institutions of mankind.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

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THE NEWS EMBARGO

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

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I

ASIDE from General Orders, the little volume called *Field Service Regulations* is to the United States Army the Book of the Law. This volume defines, in a full section, the rights and limitations of the war correspondents as guaranteed and decreed by the War Department. The definition was written for Secretary Baker by Frederick Palmer, so he told me, himself in the advantageous position of one who has been a war correspondent and is a major of the United States Army. On it is declaredly built the entire structure of the Army's relations with the press; against it exists but one legitimate criticism: it never has been, and, in the present organization of our censorship never can be, adhered to.

There are three reasons for this melancholy predicament: the hybrid nature of the actual constitution of the censorship, the lack of responsibility and want of power on the part of each individual censor, and the limited degree of sagacity and courage possessed by the persons chosen for the work.

The American military censorship abroad is a department of the Army's Secret Service: even its letter-heads say so. In the organization of the A. E. F., the powers of the censor are frankly vested in the Press Division of the Intelligence Section; the former is an under-bureau of the latter and answerable to it, and the Intelligence Section is, of course, the Secret Service; all appeals from the decisions of the censor must be made to his superior, the Secret Service chief, who is, in turn, accountable to only the Commanding General —and the civilian Secretary of War. Every line of news about the conduct of the war or the condition of our men, submitted for censorship, is subject to alteration or suppres-

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sion by these detectives, who hold office under the favor of the persons responsible for that conduct and those conditions.

Censorship offices are several. The head was, during my term of service, thirty miles from the Army's Headquarters, forty from the front; branches lacking discretionary powers are scattered farther from Headquarters; in Paris there is one branch, manned by officers, among whom the highest rank was that of first lieutenant, in one part of town, and another, manned entirely by civilians, in another part: the Bourse. The consequences were uncertainty and work at cross-purposes contradiction and confusion in orders, and dangerous delay in the transmission of vital news.

Censor Maynard, at the Bourse, informed correspondents that they might drop their manuscripts in the French mails in the ordinary way, whence they would reach the censorship in due course, but advised having them brought direct to him to save delay; Censor Greene, at 10, rue Ste. Anne, denied this. Censor Gerald Morgan, with admirable modesty, wrote a confession that he felt himself "incompetent" to censor a certain article; Censor Nolan threatened to suspend the author's privileges if it were sent uncensored.

Lack of responsibility and want of power are inherent in the military character of this system. To whom the civilians at the Bourse owe obedience nobody seems aware. At the other lesser offices, the lieutenants must defer to every casual captain. The head office was long under a major; over all hangs the Damoclean sword of the Secret Service:

"I kept the job of chief censor for six months," said Major Palmer—"and that's the record."

Neither he nor his subordinates of the Press Division were allowed to forewarn correspondents of coming events, and, though correspondents sometimes obtained advance information from the Egeria of one of the subordinates, it is a fact that, as a rule, the members of this branch of the "Intelligence" Section really did not know anything to tell. The first American unit to go into front-line trenches did so on a Tuesday; the news was announced on the floor of the French Chamber of Deputies on the next Thursday; yet that movement of his men was not known to an officer, Captain Winthrop Chanler, of our military censorship, stationed near field headquarters itself on Friday, one hour before he saw the official communiqué. He himself confessed it.

"The greater the truth, the greater the libel": the larger

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part of the censorship's personnel I shall not name; it is impossible for any of our war correspondents to read the list and suppress a smile. I pretend to no knowledge of these members of the Secret Service that their own actions have not communicated: there are persons to whose reputations certain charges cannot, at all events, add the stigma of inconsistency. These and their fellows, including what is here aptly designated a " liaison " officer, are all under Col. D. E. Nolan, chief of the Secret Service, a devout Catholic, a man against whose private character there is no shadow of suspicion, but, militarized, an Irishman without the salt of humor and the appetite for action that tradition has ascribed to most members of his race. Perhaps his mental temper is infectious; certainly individual sagacity and courage might have lessened, though they could not have ended, the chaos in the Press Division's official universe, and it is our misfortune as Americans that courage and sagacity were gifts of which the fairies guarding our censors' cradles were chary.

What that is dangerous has resulted? The cancellation of news regarding unnecessary suffering among our enlisted men; the deletion of legitimate criticism of military errors; the covering over of politicians' faults; the prohibition of all comment upon the censorship itself. Misrepresentation has resulted; graft; collusion; the gagging of the press and the blinding of the people; delay in our march toward victory; lies.

II

"Nothing in these regulations," say the *Field Service Regulations,* " is to be construed as limiting the correspondent's freedom of opinion, once there ceases to be a necessity for military secrecy."

Immediately affecting the welfare of our men were the facts that at one time—wintertime—few had " more than one pair of socks, and that generally unfit to wear "; that their overcoats were inadequate; that there were no reserves of heavy boots to replace the lighter sort issued in America and unfit for trench service; that there was a shortage of hats, shirts, ponchos and rubber boots. A correspondent wrote articles stating—perhaps understating—these facts; he told a censor that he hoped publication in America would hurry the remedy: the censor refused to pass the articles.

In March, 1918, the enemy knew how many men we had

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in the trenches—his newspapers had published the number—but the American public, promised in 1917 a fighting army "before the snow flew," did not know, because the censorship prohibited the transmission of any such news to America. When the American public was finally told the number of troops we had abroad, then pressure was apparently brought to bear, and the number was increased proportionately.

In an endeavor to conserve France's scant food supply, a correspondent wrote that, contrary to our pledge to feed our own troops, we were drawing on the French for vegetables. To speed arms and ammunition to our forces, which we had vowed we would ourselves arm and equip, a correspondent wrote that our artillery was borrowed from the British and the French, and our aeroplanes purchased from Italy. The censor condemned both utterances.

Still more numerous are the instances of the censor's resolve to hide from the American people, at any cost, the faults of the politicians by whom the news censorship, and indeed all the rest of the Secret Service, is, however indirectly, maintained. I give a single incident:

In an inspired article, published on January 5th last, George Pattullo, a perfectly honest hero-worshipper, wrote:

> General Pershing will not be stampeded. Battalions will go to the front lines on a quiet sector . . . for training, from time to time; but mothers and fathers and wives and sisters need not fear slaughter of American manhood for political or moral effect.

The publication of that statement was not a fortnight old before American troops went into the trenches, not "for training," but to begin an American front.

A group of four correspondents inquired into this discrepancy. They were Wythe Williams, then of the New York *Times;* Herbert Corey, of the Associated Newspapers; Naboth Hedin, of the Brooklyn *Eagle,* and myself. We discovered the following significant sequence of events:

In the Spring of 1917, Secretary Baker gave the American people—and their Allies—to understand that we should have troops in France, and presumably fighting, "before the snow flew." The snow kept its appointment, but the troops did not. Our Allies grew restless, and "in continuation of their training, as a nucleus for the instruction of later contingents"—I quote the official communiqué, written, as he told me, by Chief Censor Palmer—"some battalions of our first contingent" went into "the first-line trenches of a quiet

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sector " during the latter part of November, 1917, nearly two months before the publication of Mr. Pattullo's " prophecy." Newsless weeks following, Congress began to ask awkward questions; so did our Allies; whereupon Mr. Baker declared that we already had " a fighting army in France." It was immediately *after* this declaration by the head of the War Department, and only two weeks after Mr. Pattullo's inspired declaration to the contrary, that American troops were hurried into the front-line trenches to remain there.

Unlike the French and British press divisions, ours does not forewarn, as I have indicated, even accredited correspondents of events of public interest; it was from a lady in the confidence of an officer that we learned that American troops were at last to enter the real war. This news we bore to the Press Division's office at the American Camp—and were informed that we should be permitted to see only the start of the march from a point ten miles behind the trenches, on which modified promise two of us sought sleep.

The other pair dined, however, with three censors—Captain Winthrop Chanler and Lieutenants Gerald Morgan and Guy T. Visniskki. At dinner, these said that the French had just sent orders forbidding correspondents a view of even the march-out. The lieutenants then left the table, and, later, the captain made admissions leading his guests to believe that the alleged French orders had been known to the censors when they made their promises to the contrary.

That day we had, all four, seen and talked to villagers and to American soldiers, some of whom said they were going to the front; we watched one movement of troops, apparently on their way forward; we secured our " color " in the only way that the censors then permitted. Next morning, we motored the thirty miles to Headquarters, where Colonel Nolan, head of the Secret Service, saw us and said he would see what he could do. Not until 5 P.M. did he have a decision. He then told us that the French commander had changed his mind: again we were promised a sight of the start of the march.

To all intents and purposes, we had all of the " story " that we were to be allowed to get, had seen what we were now offered only a sight of in repetition. The censorship had first modified its promise and then broken it; there was no guarantee that the promise would not be broken again.

Then, quite by accident, two of us learned an amazing thing: we learned that General Pershing was going, that

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night, to Paris; on the evening preceding the day when his men were first to take over a sector of the great front, the general commanding the United States Army was going away. Obviously, only a mission of supreme importance could take General Pershing to Paris at such a moment, and obviously some correspondents ought to follow him to Paris and find out what that mission was. Depending on Hedin and Corey to supply us with the final details of the march-out, and planning to give them in exchange the fruits of our journey, Williams and I went to Paris. We saw Corey and Hedin when they got back; we all wrote our accounts of the march-out and sent them, dutifully, to the censors.

The immediate sequel was appalling: it was precisely nothing at all; fourteen days passed—two silent weeks—during which the censorship suspended every correspondent's story, withheld from publication at home the news that our men had " gone in." The French General Guillaumat publicly told his troops in Salonica of our troops' entrance, and even mentioned the scene of it; the Germans raided the sector; Colonel Gaedeke wrote about it in the Bremen *Zeitung;* all the world knew—*except the United States.* A first lieutenant of our censorship replied to our appeals with the declaration that no official announcement would be issued and no unofficial announcement permitted: our Allies had been told, the enemy had been told; but the United States must not be told.

Williams and Corey went to the Paris offices of our military censorship. First Lieutenant Francis C. Wickes was there; Lieutenant Guy T. Visniskki, hereinbefore mentioned, came in. To him Corey showed a cable message addressed to the manager of Corey's newspaper association.

" Guy," said Corey, " I'm going to send that."

The message called on the association's manager to protest to Washington. Visniskki read it.

" It's not my fault," said Visniskki; " I've done the best I could for you; but no communiqué is to be issued at all."

" Then," said Corey, " you mean to say that you're keeping the American people in the dark because you want them to think that American soldiers have been fighting ever since their experimental experience in the trenches last November? You mean your game is to make our public think there hasn't been any gap between that announced step in training and this genuine beginning! It's plain what you fellows are

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after. Secretary Baker boasted to the American people that we had such-and-such 'fighting men' in France; to hide his long course of bungling, he wanted the term 'fighting men' to be interpreted as 'men that are fighting,' and, to back up that interpretation, your gang has been called on to pretend we've been fighting continuously ever since last Autumn. That's the state of the case, isn't it?"

Such, in substance, was Corey's formulation of an accusation long in the minds of many correspondents. Visniskki's only reply was to fall into a rage, to threaten, and to declare that he "had Williams and Kauffman where he wanted them" because their account of the march-out represented them as having been present, whereas they had gone to Paris the night before! It was not until after three days of attempted intimidation on the part of the censorship, and after the majority of the correspondents had demonstrated their determination to do their duty to the public at any price, that, on February 5th, the censors were forced to release the newspaper men's accounts of a great moment in American history by issuing this curt communiqué:

> American officers have been authorized to state that the sector of the Western front taken over by the U. S. Army is in Lorraine, to the northwest of Toul.

After such an instance of what the censors, as a branch of the Secret Service, will do to protect their masters, it is easy to imagine to what lengths they will go to suppress criticism of their own work—or to revenge it. For example:

A famous newspaper correspondent wrote a constructive article on the censorship for a well-known magazine, offering what he considered a solution of existing problems. The censorship, which had reasons for placating the magazine, did not move against it, but declared forfeit the bond deposited with the War Department by the correspondent's newspaper.

My own case was not dissimilar. I was employed by a syndicate of newspapers to go abroad and write about the war; those newspapers formed a chain extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and assigned me not merely to the American, but also to the Allied, armies. In Paris I wrote for them a non-military article criticizing the A. E. F.'s censorship; I posted it, without first taking it to the A. E. F. censor, in the Paris post-office; I was assured by an A. E. F. censor that such a course is permissible. The article was sent

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in December, 1917. On March 6th, 1918, seeing that continued conformance with censorship regulations was incompatible with my duties to the public, I resigned my credentials to the War Department at Washington, whence they had been derived. Nearly a month and a half passed in silence; then, on April 28th, the Intelligence Section wrote me that I had not resigned but was "suspended" and my employers' bond forfeited—this not even from the War Department, but by the Commanding General in France on the recommendation of the censorship there.

The censorship had revoked my credentials because I had criticized it; it even cited my criticism in justification! It charged that I had violated the correspondents' signed pledge "to submit all correspondence, professional or private, to the Press Officer, or Assistant Press Officer, except personal letters, which are to be censored at the base." Its objection to me was that I had "held the censorship up to ridicule." That censorship, according to the rules that it has made for itself, could technically have proceeded against me for not allowing it the opportunity to edit and cut the thousands of words which I had previously written about the British Army, the French and the Belgian, and which I had, instead, of course passed through the respective censorships of those armies. I pleaded that the peculiar American pledge was one that every correspondent was compelled to sign in order to secure permission to visit the American Camp, that its plain intent was for the censoring of manuscripts and news written or secured at the Camp—at most, such news as concerned the movement and number of troops, etc.—whereas my manuscript held nothing of this sort, was based on information obtained in Paris, merely quoted the censors' own utterances, and had been written and posted away from the Camp. I pleaded in vain. In a solemn affidavit, a Gilbertian censor swore before an unsmiling Judge Advocate that I had compared the Army's censorship with the Navy's, to the disadvantage of the former, and had called the former "the big joke."

This was pure farce, but something serious had preceded it. Although I did not discover it until later, it seems that our Army censorship in France had tried to saddle worse charges upon me and that it was only when this attempt failed that they decided to convict me of laughing at them.

A member of the censorship threatened in February to

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"get" me. On the 19th of March, friends of mine in the British Ministry of Information wrote me that certain charges against me had been lodged with the British Army by the American Military Intelligence. This was twenty-two days before the "suspension" of my privileges by the American Military Intelligence. On March 22nd, I wrote to Col. Nolan, demanding details of the charges and a chance to disprove them: he didn't reply. I wrote again on the 23rd April. On the 30th, he answered, saying that an unnamed person had reported hearing, away back in January, "a correspondent by the name of Kauffman" say that the English were "beaten," speak "very discouragingly of the French," criticize the American Army and disclose "pieces of military information." The Colonel said that this allegation was received "coincidently" with that of the alleged breaking of the correspondents' pledge. In other words, the Army's Secret Service did not receive news of, or at any rate act upon, an alleged violation of the correspondents' pledge until about four months after the event—and, when it did act, acted without giving the accused a hearing and then only on the one charge that was not dangerous to the cause of America. The Colonel further confessed that the charge of disloyal utterances, grave as it was, had not been investigated! It was passed, uninvestigated, to the British, and yet, although I have repeatedly besought both Colonel Nolan and the War Department for an investigation of an accusation that I know to be utterly mendacious, I have, up to the date that I write these lines, been unable to force a single step in that direction.

Enough, however, of the personal. I have intruded it merely as one of the many examples of the methods pursued by our censorship in France—a censorship of which an American major-general has said: "They'll stop at nothing."

What is the remedy?

I once asked Rear-Admiral H. B. Wilson what were the limitations for a correspondent writing of the Navy.

"Don't mention the names of ships and dates of sailing," said he. "All other matters you may be as free with as you like. The Navy has nothing to conceal. If there is anything wrong about it, we want it known."

I had faith, for a very little while, that the Army's censorship might learn from the Navy's, but this was dissipated when I suggested the idea to an Army censor.

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"The Navy," said he, "are a bunch of damned fools."

There were those who long hoped for reform from within, and these were chiefly encouraged by Mr. Baker's announced plans for accrediting correspondents. The War Department, through Mr. George Creel, pointed to *Field Service Regulations* and told the newspapers that they would be allowed no representatives at the front save those granted special credentials. Such credentials were to be given to less than a score of men whose papers were to submit to the War Department a $2,000 bond each, forfeitable in case of bad conduct, and to the Adjutant-General a certified cheque for $1,000 to be drawn against for the correspondent's maintenance when necessary.

Hope, alas, was never worse founded! I well remember the day when, arrived in France, I presented, for signature by the Commanding General, my "credentials" to the officer in charge of the correspondents.

"Oh," he said, "we're not bothering about these. We're letting them die of innocuous desuetude."

They were. Although the number of correspondents supplied with $3,000 credentials waxed until the original limits were left far behind, the general's signature was not affixed, the correspondents at the American Camp paid for their maintenance out of their own pockets and were told that they would be charged, each, ten dollars a day for a mere seat in a motor car, whether they occupied that seat or not. Finally, flocks of unaccredited correspondents appearing and receiving news-gathering facilities, practically as good as those offered to the accredited men, the only privilege accorded the accredited was that of forfeiting their bonds if they offended, whereas the unaccredited risked no financial loss at all.

Then a number of correspondents, accredited and unaccredited, and other interested persons, attempted an organization wherewith to suggest reforms. We formed, under the presidency of Hutchins Hapgood, "The American War Publicity League in France."

This was no association of irresponsibles. Its membership represented between three hundred and four hundred magazines and newspapers, and included, among men of every political creed, such people as John Bass, of the Chicago *News;* Barton Blake, of the Red Cross; Heywood Broun, of the New York *Tribune;* Raymond Carroll, of the

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Philadelphia *Ledger;* George Randolph Chester, of the International News Service; Irvin Cobb, of the *Saturday Evening Post;* Herbert Corey, of the Associated Newspapers; Rev. Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons, author of *The New Map of Europe;* Arthur Gleason, foreign publicity director of the Y. M. C. A.; Martin Green, of the New York *World;* Naboth Hedin, of the Brooklyn *Eagle;* Will Irwin, later of the Committee on Public Information; Florence O'Neal, of the Pittsburgh *Post-Dispatch;* Elliot Shepard, of the New York *Evening Post;* and Walter Duranty, of the New York *Times.*

The organization sincerely believed that it could improve matters. At a time when, save at one or two minor points, American troops were not actively engaged, we drew up a request for an interview with the commanding general at his convenience. The interview was not granted.

Reform, then, must come from without, and from home.

Either the correspondent should be militarized, in which case he becomes definitely the apologist of the War Department and the mouthpiece of the Intelligence Section, which is to say the Secret Service; or else he should be restored to his civil rights, in which case he would retain his proper position as the link between their sons and husbands and sweethearts abroad and the American people at home. Either the censors should themselves alone be entrusted with the writing of news and the suppression of all that their masters fear to have made public, every correspondent being dismissed, or else the sole effective reform should be effected.

That sole effective reform is simple and easy: it is the reform suggested by Mr. Wythe Williams, than whom, because of his peculiarly intimate knowledge of the war in France since the day of its declaration in 1914, there are few better fitted to offer a solution. It is, moreover, a reform which will do justice to all sides: provide the Army with the high credit that is its due, keep secret military information from the enemy, and give the American public legitimate news of its men. It is simply that the censorship be composed of educated civilians under a civilian head answerable not to any detective, general, or to any member of the Cabinet, but to Congress.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

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"THE REAL COLONEL HOUSE"[1]

BY FREDERICK W. HENSHAW

It was undoubtedly due to the growing restiveness of the American people against a man who, without official position, is sent on secret missions of vast consequence to their welfare,—who has never done one act or uttered one word by which the people might gauge his capacity,—that the world is indebted for this unique volume.

It is unique in that, while in form biographical, in its essence it is autobiographical. First published as a serial in a New York paper, it is not to be doubted that if there were one line of it which failed to meet the hearty approval of Colonel House, that line would have been deleted before the book was put before an eager public. Therefore it is that we are justified in saying that we have Colonel House's autobiography: his own estimate of himself, from his own lips, of his character, his accomplishments, and his achievements.

That the Colonel is a great man, a very great man, one of the very greatest of men yet born of woman, is now established; he says so himself, through the pen of his intimate biographer. No matter what here follows, the reader must not let his mind be shaken from its grasp upon this fact, for it is the keynote of the volume.

To jar this keynote ever so slightly off its pitch is to turn the harmony of the paeans of praise into harsh discord. Even to ask where in any chapter, page, paragraph or sentence this fundamental statement is established, is to eviscerate the whole book. Therefore, in this review, quite too brief, the reader is requested to cling with all his tenacity to this basic concept: the supreme greatness of Colonel House; and if at any time or for any reason his strength

[1] *The Real Colonel House*, by Arthur D. Howden Smith. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co., 1918.

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shows signs of failing, let him call on Arthur D. Howden Smith, the gifted author, who will lash him to the mast of his own superb conviction.

Colonel House was born in Texas. We can but regret that it was not Missouri, for then not alone would we have been told of his greatness, but we would have been shown it.

He is "more misunderstood than mysterious." Yet that misunderstanding or mystery was of early origin. His school friends say that as a youth he exercised his abilities "as a pacificator in smoothing out student rows." The Colonel himself, however, "scouts the idea." What did he do? He tells us himself: "When I was younger I used to like to set boys at each other to see what they would do and then try to bring them around again." Here the first tender bud of his genius is put forth. Like the boy Napoleon with his toy soldiers, like the boy Mozart with his spinet, like the boy John Stuart Mill with his scholastics, we have our hero "setting boys at each other" and then "trying to bring them around again."

Here, then, is the touch-stone of his character, the resolvent by which all mysteries shall be resolved. The little Eddie Fix-it that was has grown into the great Colonel Fix-it that is. Whether he "set" the nations at each other in this war to see what they would do, and so to give just scope to his matured, full-fruited genius for fixing, is left in obscurity; but no obscurity attends the statement that he foresaw this war long before any other living human being. This must be true, for a whole chapter is given to an elaboration of the statement. That chapter is called "Foreseeing the World War," and we are told that "Three months before the war actually broke out" the President "sent Colonel House to Europe to endeavor to convince the several Governments of Germany, France and Great Britain of the danger of the existing situation."

Poor, stupid statesmen of England, of France, and—aye—of Germany, too, not to perceive what Colonel House so plainly foresaw! How, and by what learning, wisdom, gift of prevision or secret source of information he acquired this uncanny foreknowledge, we are of course not told. "He was not a good scholar." We must infer that this astounding acumen was due to sublime genius, which so often is unable to analyze its own processes. Deplorable is the state of mind of that doubting Thomas who shall say

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that such *ex post facto* prophecies are always easy; that he can make them himself.

But all this is irregularly set forth. We should follow Colonel House's own method of declaring what manner of man he is for the better understanding of what he has done. This is announced in the opening chapter, and from that chapter we present Colonel House's estimate of Colonel House.

> He holds a power never wielded before in this country by any man out of office, a power greater than that of any [*other* is omitted] political boss or Cabinet minister. He occupies a place in connection with the Administration which is anomalous, because no such place ever existed before Woodrow Wilson became President of the United States.

True, perfectly true. Now for the justification:

> Colonel House is not in politics for himself; he plays [*sic*] politics because he loves politics, because he cannot resist directing men and policies, any more than the born artist can keep his hands off paint tubes and brushes. [A born Fixer, you see.] He is one of the two or three greatest Americans of this political generation. . . . There is ample excuse [*sic*] for assigning him credit as chief adviser in the formation of all the President's important decisions.

Tut! tut! Is that tactful on the part of the Great Fixer? How about Messrs. Gompers, McAdoo, and the official advisers, the statesmen of the Cabinet? Conceding its truth, should this "most tactful man," of "crystal-clear vision," have told this in so blunt a way? Is it diplomatic? However, perhaps, the extraordinary use of the word "*excuse*" is the diplomatic safety-valve.

> In business he would be called not a man of mystery, but a wizard. . . . Whatever he puts his hand to has a way of working out satisfactorily. . . . He is a political genius, this gray, quiet-voiced man with the shrewd, unwinking eyes and the level voice. In Europe already they are speaking of him as the foremost expert in international politics among the statesmen of the Entente Allies. They believe in him because in 1914 and 1915 he prophesied things which occurred in 1916 and 1917. . . . He foresaw the world war a year before it happened.

There we have it. How wondrous, yet how unsatisfying! He has the gift of prophecy, and he has prophesied. The "things" prophesied (except the coming of the world war) we are not told, any more than we are told the name of "they" in Europe who place so high a stamp on his genius.

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Not only are we not told their names, we are not even told when or where they said these things. A somewhat extensive reading recalls no word of anyone to such effect. These eulogiums must be hidden in the Colonel's "confidential papers."

We do not wish to be hypercritical, but here duty compels us to speak of one cloud in the limpid clarity of the biography. We have just referred to it in connection with the last quotation—"In Europe already *they* are speaking of him." Unceasingly the Colonel tells us such facts: "'He has shown that he is a great man,' said a corporation head"; but we are not enlightened as to who the "corporation head" is.

"The people who know the real Colonel House believe that his greatest attribute is his statesmanship"—but who are these men? "Before the campaign was over," said a member of the committee, "some of us had come to the conclusion that Colonel House was about the biggest man in the works." Again that titillating indefiniteness. Why all this secrecy on the part of a man whose most conspicuous characteristic is "perfect frankness"? So with pain we say that while the reader will find that "those who know," and "every well informed person," and "those who are behind the scenes," and "a British statesman" and "a French diplomat," all bear testimony to the Colonel's superb genius, he, alas! will also find that no one of them is named—except, of course, President Wilson. But doubtless this is but an expression—the efflorescence of Colonel House's "modesty."

But while the Colonel was exercising his prophetic gift, why in Heaven's name did he not foresee our own inevitable embroilment in the war and do something to get us just the least bit ready for it? Certainly when a man can prophesy this world's war a year before the statesmen of any of the European nations could see its first threatening shadow, and, besides this, can prophesy other "things," it should not have strained the machinery of his mystical lore to tell us that we, too, were bound to become involved in it. Yet the political slogan of the President and Colonel House (for so the biographer consistently brackets their names) was, "He kept us out of war," thereby certainly conveying the idea that he would continue to do so. What was the matter with the Colonel's vaticination-works that they did not tell us the truth? It cannot be that this "crystal-visioned man" of

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"uncanny intuition" knew that war was inevitable and simply camouflaged us, the people, with "He kept us out of war," merely because he "loves to play politics." No—this explanation will not do, because he is an "extraordinary man of rigid fairness."

We must leave this matter in perplexity and hurry on to state that "he nominated and elected four Governors of Texas." True, the biographer concedes that few, if any, even in Texas, knew this; but that is not because he is a "pussy-footer" in politics, but because of his "excessive modesty," which makes publicity abhorrent to him. Besides that, there are limits to the frankness of our very frank statesman. "There is a certain point beyond which Colonel House will not reveal the inner secrets of his strategy." How unjust to a world on tiptoe of expectation! After this, how can it be said that he is not a man of mystery?

Goethe wrote wisely of the "many-sided man." More and more is it revealed that the Colonel is such a one. He is not mysterious, yet he has the "gift of prophecy" and "uncanny intuition." He is fair, candid, and open, yet he "will not reveal the inner secrets of his strategy." That invaluable knowledge will die with him. He is modest beyond words and despises publicity; but "he understands the art of securing and holding publicity, one of the most difficult arts of the politician, to a degree that Colonel Roosevelt cannot exceed." We need no exemplar of his practice of this "art." His book furnishes all that is required.

He "discovered" Woodrow Wilson after having been disappointed in Gaynor. We had thought that Colonel George Harvey was the discoverer, but let that pass. He planned the result of the nominating convention exactly as it developed. True, he was not near the convention at all; he was on the ocean. True, he could not have been a promoter of Bryan's treachery to Champ Clark unless it had been prearranged before he left; true, he was never considered as having any weight except with the Texas delegation, but "he had mixed the necessary dynamic human forces in the great political retort, and he let them simmer and boil. It is rather uncanny that these dissimilar interests should have been united as he had planned. That is, it is uncanny until you remember the previous occasions when his touch, light and unnoticed, had worked with the same unfailing sureness." How does he accomplish these marvels?

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You shall know: "He almost never makes mistakes. When he does they are instantly rectified, frequently even turned to account." There's the secret! The Sheriff of Nottingham was a tyro in comparison.

What wonder that Wilson was twice elected! Who could not be elected under the guidance of this priceless political prodigy?

But it is as a statesman that Colonel House now stands before the nation, and it is to the record of his achievements in statecraft that we turn with avidity. And to do this, we must hurriedly and regretfully pass over his formation of the Cabinet. Bryan, "of course," was to be Secretary of State; Burleson and Gregory were both "trusted lieutenants" from Texas. Secretary Lane, also, he is responsible for—so responsible that it is a pain to know that Mr. Lane had never met the President up to the date of the first Cabinet meeting, at which "he had to introduce himself." The Colonel could have had any place but Bryan's.

To prepare us for his marvels of diplomatic achievement we are told that "there are few scholars of the Eastern States, few great international lawyers of the Eastern bar, who have as wide a grasp of world affairs as Colonel House."

Now that starts him off all right, and we are prepared to note results. We have already referred to his visit to Europe to explain to the statesmen of Germany, France, and England that there was going to be a war unless they "watched out." On that trip he saw the Kaiser. He had first learned all he could about him from "men like Benjamin Ide Wheeler." Benjamin Ide Wheeler is on record over his name in the suppressed *Fatherland* as declaring that when history comes to be written the Kaiser will be found guiltless of having caused the war. Small wonder, then, that the Colonel, "like other observers" (still that aggravating vagueness!), "is disposed to believe that the Kaiser's rôle was negative." The Colonel reaches Germany, and "has an audience with the Kaiser at Potsdam, an event of surpassing importance." Yet the visit was "only referred to" in one or two newspapers. Think of that! But how and why was it an "event of surpassing importance"? Not one word of explanation is vouchsafed. You must take it on faith. There's statecraft and open diplomacy for you!

So Colonel House returns and in due course all the devils of hell are let loose on earth. The military men of the Allies

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all believed and declared that the war would be a long one. General Kitchener, it will be remembered, placed its duration at not less than three years. Yet "the President and Colonel House, like most well-informed observers, looked to see an end of hostilities after a few months of swift fighting."

This explains much. It explains that the President and Colonel House thought, as Germany did, that she would win in one fast and furious drive. It explains why we were enjoined to remain "neutral in thought as well as in deed." It explains much more that it is not desirable to dwell upon. But it does not explain why the Colonel should have made such a mistake; why his powers of divination should here so completely have broken down. But this is not all, nor yet the half. "After the Battle of the Marne," we are told, "it became apparent to the President and Colonel House, as it did to practically every unprejudiced person who had facilities for knowing the inside facts, that Germany had shot her bolt." The Lord certainly had this nation in His tenderest care, if such in fact was the belief of our President! But again we have the same irritating vagueness: "like most well-informed persons." Who? "Practically every unprejudiced person." Not one named.

The *Lusitania* is sunk, the food-blockade is declared by Great Britain, the submarine warfare announced by Germany, and again Colonel House goes abroad on one of his secret missions—no salary, only expenses paid. He went first to Germany and there invented the phrase "The Freedom of the Seas." Well, maybe he did not exactly invent it, since it had been used for much more than a hundred years and was in every man's mouth in our War of 1812, but he pretty nearly invented it; or, at any rate, he was the first to use it in connection with this war. But let the Colonel tell it through his intimate biographer:

> They [the German statesmen] gave him fair words, but no satisfaction until he extended, as a fisherman casts his bait, a certain phrase of five words: "The Freedom of the Seas." So far as can be determined, Colonel House was the first to use this much-debated phrase, at least in its connection with the problems raised by the present war. No previous mention of it has been found.

There's statecraft for you. The Colonel almost invented a "certain phrase of five words" that had been in common employment in discussions of international maritime law for much more than a hundred years.

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But there is more. He gave his own meaning to the phrase, and with the meaning, a proposition to Germany. "He meant a literal, unlimited freedom of the seas, the uninterrupted progress of the world's ocean-borne commerce" by all belligerents as well as neutrals. Navies were to be used solely "for defence against invasion." "A vista opened before the eyes of the leaders at Berlin" and they accepted the new interpretation. They not only accepted it, but received it with "prompt and enthusiastic assent." "Vista" is not the right word. It was an earthly paradise that our great authority on international law offered to Germany. Small wonder the German statesmen enthusiastically "accepted" it. They would have been in the same class as the proposer of it had they not. Fancy Germany suffering the pangs of hunger, her commerce destroyed, her navy bottled up, not a vessel on any ocean, being told by an accredited spokesman of the President of the United States that her commerce could be re-established to the full, her merchant ships move at their pleasure to fetch and carry whatever she might need or desire, that even contraband of war would be abolished and that all the dominating British fleet would do would be to "repel invasion"! Surely it was a diplomatic victory for Colonel House to get German statesmen to embrace his new "Freedom of the Seas."

He next goes to England to win her acceptance to his great idea. But alas! Bungling Germany had spilled the beans. Germany had instructed her Ambassadors "to bolster up" Colonel House's "doctrine" by an active propaganda, and they had begun to talk about this new freedom as though it was their own idea, even before Colonel House reached London. And what was the result? We are gravely told that British statesmen thereupon rejected his great idea, as being some "new species of Berlin deviltry." In vain the Colonel expounded that the nurseling was the child of his own fertile brain; he even established by "*proofs*" "that while he had suggested the idea in Berlin on such and such a day, the speeches [of Von Bernstorff and others] had been delivered in America on subsequent dates." But even this conclusive demonstration of the *soundness* of the idea failed to win the British statesmen. They "shied instinctively" from his new freedom of the seas. Shied from it! Rather the only surprise is that they did not kick the whole wagon to pieces. Fancy the "crystal-clear vision," the "marvelous

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reasoning power," that could bring a man to the belief that the nation dominant at sea would forego all rights and advantages which were hers under international law by virtue of her naval supremacy, wholly and solely in the interest of a desperate, unscrupulous adversary with whom she was at death grips! Yet the master statesman believed she would, and believes she declined only because she feared some "Berlin deviltry"! Picture also the adroit course which this "uncannily adroit" man pursued. He knew "German diplomatic stupidity." So knowing, the ordinary man would have put his great thought before England first, recognizing that if he won her over to his "doctrine," Germany would jump at it like a hungry trout; while, if he could not win her over, it would be fruitless to spend the nation's money in going to Berlin. But, being a genius and a great statesman, Colonel House took the dear child of his brain first to Berlin only to see it slaughtered, not ruthlessly, but unintentionally, in the all-smothering embrace of "German diplomatic stupidity." How interesting it would be to get the German and British views as to where the stupidity lay!

Here, then, we are obliged sadly to record one mistake of the man who never makes them, or, if he does, promptly turns them to advantage. For we are not advised how he turned this one to anything but cause for merriment.

So the great Fixer comes back once more, only to go again to Europe on one of his momentous missions. And this time what was it? One designing to hold him up to public ridicule could not have invented a mission for him more preposterous than that which he himself declares took him abroad. It is well-nigh unbelievable. You begin to wonder if your own mind has gone astray. Here it is: "He tried to convince both sets of belligerents of the advantage to each of them in keeping the United States out of the war." Read this again, and then picture the self-imposed undertaking of this genius in statecraft. That the Central Powers would not have welcomed the inestimable aid that our wealth, our army, our navy, our food, our munitions, would have been to them; that the Entente Powers would not, with just rejoicing, have hailed that aid as being the determinative factor in the war! Reason staggers at the task Colonel House set himself, and it is unnecessary to record that this was his third failure.

But a fourth time he sails. It has become necessary to

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straighten out the Allies' war mistakes. At this time the Colonel was the head of a large and growing bureau studying every sort of international question—even to locating Alsace and Lorraine on the map of Europe. All this in anticipation of the Peace Conference at which he was to represent the United States. But he springs to arms at the call of the President, dons his military title, acquired by the gift of one of those four men that he made Governor of Texas, and goes to Europe; a warrior this time, not a diplomat, nor man of peace. We are not directly told that he originated the idea of single unified command. History already written is a little too specific on this question, and Lloyd George's name has been prominently mentioned in this connection. But at least the Colonel did present a cable from the President advocating the plan of unity of action. We need not doubt the force of that cable. But he did more than present the President's instructions. He did two things more. As the "Head of the American War Mission," he cut off all oratory at the conference of the representatives of the Powers and "suggested to M. Clemenceau the same method which he had used in Texas politics. Oratory was arbitrarily shut out." Think what he did! The great statesmen of Europe would have frittered away time, opportunity, the war itself, in their lust for oratory, if the Colonel had not been there literally to "choke them off." Small wonder this mission is described as "the most successful of its kind which the United States has ever sent abroad."

The other thing the Colonel did was himself to make a speech. Not that he wanted to, but only to show that he could; and "of course as long as he had to do it, he did it well."

The speech is given in full. In view of the occasion, if any high-school boy in the United States had not done better, his anguished parents would have taken him out of school and put him to sawing wood.

Such are his diplomatic achievements, and we are now prepared to estimate the debt we owe to his statecraft.

1. He went to England, France and Germany to convince their rulers that there was going to be a European war —and failed.

2. He went a second time to convince both sets of belligerents that it would be to the advantage of each if we kept out of the war—and failed.

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3. He went a third time seeking acceptance of his amazing "doctrine" of the new "Freedom of the Seas." Germany enthusiastically welcomed it. With Great Britain—he failed.

4. He went a fourth time and presented cabled instructions from the President urging acceptance of Lloyd George's plan for unity of control of Allied war operations. In April of this year that plan was finally put into effect by giving General Foch supreme command. He also cut out oratory, according to his "Texas plan."

5. With a bureau of paid assistants he is studying the "Problems of Peace."

We can now glow and thrill with his biographer, who says:

> Every conceivable sort of problem comes within his ken. . . . To know Colonel House at close range is to know the reason for his unbroken chain of success in diplomatic work abroad. He has the *savoir faire* which so many Americans lack, and his unusually wide acquaintanceship and close study of men of all classes have given him the ability to get along in any company. He has always been as much at home, whether dining with King George in Buckingham Palace, chatting with the Kaiser at Potsdam, or lunching at the Elysée Palace, as he was in the days when his library in Austin was the gathering place of the men who governed Texas.

Hats off, gentlemen! One minute for silent thanksgiving!

It is regrettable that the space necessarily consumed in this exemplification of the Colonel's statecraft denies us the pleasure of presenting others of his marvels of achievement, as his masterful management of the first Wilson campaign, when "'Let Theodore Roosevelt elect us,' was the way he summed up his strategy." We cannot, however, omit mention of his classic telegram to Bill McDonald after Colonel Roosevelt was shot: "Come immediately. Important. Bring your artillery." And Captain Bill's reply: "I'm comin'."

There is a type of novel, common in these days, wherein the hero is portrayed as being everything that is brilliant, witty, sarcastic, epigrammatic, forceful and virile. The authors are for the most part women. The description of the hero is found in the first chapter. You read on anticipating a treat when the marvelous man begins to talk, and lo! you are met with nothing but banalities and platitudes.

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So, alas! it is with *The Real Colonel House.* Despite all the vast learning, profundity of thought, advanced ideas, gift of prophecy, clarity of vision, and marvelous genius with which his historiographer accredits him, the most indulgent scanning of the Colonel's own utterances fails to disclose one thought, one phrase even, that arises above the dreary level of the commonplace.

The last words of the Colonel are:

> I have always wanted to die with my boots on. I dread the thought of dying in bed. You know, I'm a frontier Texan after all.

The Colonel may put aside his dread. Being, as we are told, "excessively modest" and "singularly reluctant to talk about his own triumphs," all that he need do, when he thinks his time has come, is to pull on his boots and read his book. Thus to a virtual certainty he would realize his ambition.

FREDERICK W. HENSHAW.

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AFTER THE WAR

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM HARDING CARTER, U.S.A.

Our participation in the great world war is our first experience as a nation-in-arms. Local interest has played its accustomed part, but as a nation we have been equally interested in each and every man. Altogether we have looked upon our men-at-arms as the army of the United States and our pride of performance goes out to them as a whole.

Confronted with the appalling results of our long continued neglect of the most primary elements of preparedness, it was to be expected that there would be a creaking of the old and a failure to function of hastily created new machinery. But at last we arrived and when the fatal blow that turned the heads of German columns toward Berlin instead of Paris was administered, 2,000,000 American soldiers were at hand to make good Pershing's historic message, "We are here, Lafayette."

During the years of weary waiting of those who had placed high upon the scroll of honor the imperishable words, "The Hun shall not pass," they had indulged the hope of America's entrance in the war. In the cold archives of state there will be found nothing to indicate the gratitude of Americans at the coming of the long deferred opportunity to give practical recognition of our debt to France for her services in the dark hours of our struggle for independence.

Had our participation in the war been based upon sentiment our troops should have arrived in France in 1914. It was providential that we delayed while public opinion was crystalizing, for no one familiar with conditions would presume to say that the draft act could have been passed at an earlier date. We never could have accomplished anything worth while to the Allies under the old volunteer system.

The keystone of the arch of the modern army is found in the General Staff, upon whose studies the strategic com-

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binations essential to the execution of the war policies of the nation are based. The calculations of a properly organized general staff take cognizance of all the human and material elements embraced in plans of campaign, leaving nothing to chance, to hope or to the tapestry of dreams. The whole effort is concentrated on utilizing the services of those called to the colors to the best advantage. The demands upon the mental and physical endurance of those engaged in the field or in council are very severe. Strong men break under the strain and are promptly replaced by those able to carry forward the duties of the hour. Demotions in rank have prevailed in a manner and to a degree to shock the sensibilities of those accustomed to the orderly procedure of seniority rule. In the great struggle for untrammeled existence on the part of the highly civilized nations of the modern world the interests of individuals count for nothing except as they merge in the common purpose to win victory.

It was humanly impossible for any general staff to overcome all the evil results of our former neglect, but the nation has cause for congratulation that its military business has been so conducted that once the transfer of our armies across the ocean began, the movement has continued with a regularity and precision which enabled the commander of all the Allied forces to count with certainty upon the amount and character of American support to be given under his great plans for defeating the strong, highly organized and courageous enemy.

The crumbling foundations of the far reaching and deep-laid scheme of world domination announce in unmistakable manner the completeness of the end. The wide spread area over which battle has raged, and the infinite questions that will arise in the final settlement of peace, warn us to begin the preparations for demobilizing our great army in such manner as to best fulfill our duty as one of the victorious Allies. The nation has no military policy separate and distinct from its political policies. Until fifteen years ago when the General Staff was created for the American army, practically all our action on military matters was based on the expediency of the moment. If we do not improve on that line of action in this crisis complications will arise which will clamor for adjustment throughout the lives of the youngest of this generation.

To delay preparing plans for demobilizing the war army

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until the moment of departure on the homeward voyage would be most unwise. More than two million young men of our best and bravest citizenship will want accurate knowledge as to the intentions of the Government, in so far as they affect their future, and they are entitled to the information at the earliest possible moment once a treaty of peace has been agreed upon.

To the experienced military man the important thing of first consideration would be to determine the character and strength of the army to be retained in peace. It is unbelievable that with the experience of this great war we shall continue the provisions of the so-called National Defense Act of 1916, or that the States will continue the futile effort to maintain the National Guard organizations unless each and every State shall be required to support its proper proportion of the whole. It seems certain that if war should come again during the lives of this generation there will be no hesitation as to the propriety of raising armies by the selective draft system. A volunteer regular army or National Guard will no longer be in harmony with the system of raising our war armies. The question as to abandonment of the volunteer system of recruitment of whatever forces are to be maintained is one deserving immediate study. If the regular army is regarded as a training school wherein young men may be prepared to render military service, and at the same time trained for a return to civil life, all reasonable objections to the system should disappear. If the old methods of recruitment are to prevail then the Regular Army should be completely reorganized before the demobilization of the greater war army is carried out.

There will be some who will revert to type as soon as peace terms have been agreed upon, and rostrums will resound with the sweet songs of banished wars. Whether we shall wish it or not, our place in the sun has been found for us, and the nation can no more avoid its duties as a world Power than the planets can travel without their own orbits. If we are to continue to interfere in the affairs of smaller nations, if we are to go forth once more upon the seas to win back our long lost commerce, then our common sense alone should warn us that our best intentions will not avail to guard us from crossing the paths of other nations. In the meantime the nation is confronted with problems of peace at home of such magnitude as to test the political ability of our best

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trained public men. If we shall weather the storms involved in the reorganization of our whole industrial and agricultural life we may then undertake to master the infinite problems of modern trade. Until we have successfully achieved the demobilization of our war army and navy and restored the vast aggregation of human energy to other fields of activity we may well hold the solution of other problems in abeyance.

For many years after the close of the American Revolution practically every office from toll-gate keeper to President was held by a veteran of that conflict. The present generation knows full well that similar conditions prevailed after the Civil War, and there can be no doubt as to the influence on American life which will be exercised by the several million young men called to serve in the world's greatest war. Some will come back maimed and sorely wounded, but the greater body of them will come home improved mentally, morally and physically by their service. It is not the custom for American military men to demand accounting except through their individual ballots, but it is certain that those who foresee and solve correctly the problems of demobilization and of the home coming of our youthful veterans will merit and receive the full measure of their confidence. The returning veterans represent all elements of our national life. For a time, to them, the world will comprise only two classes, those who have been over there and those who have not, and if their influence is ever capitalized for political purposes it will be along those lines.

The nation now understands how important a part the American General Staff has played in creating, training and placing in the theater of operations the many elements comprising our army of upwards of two million men. Common sense and business instincts should now suggest the wisdom of confiding to the General Staff the preparation of all details concerning the organization of our new regular army, to be maintained in peace, and the demobilization of the great forces engaged for the duration of the war. The strength of the army to be maintained in peace and the manner of its recruitment are matters of national policy. Those elements once determined, the work of the General Staff becomes one of apportionment and detail, based upon our war experience and the normal employment of the army in peace.

WILLIAM HARDING CARTER.

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THE CZECHO-SLOVAK NATION

BY LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN AND GEORGE PEET

OUT of the mists that cover the welter of chaos in Russia there has come a new people, a new war factor with a name unfamiliar to most of us,—The Czecho-Slovaks. Suddenly, with no background of knowledge to guide us, we are confronted by a new nation, represented by a series of moving armies along the vast trans-Siberian railroad, from Moscow to Vladivostok; armies whose exploits read like the story of a second Iliad.

Here, in the capital of the United States, a professor of philosophy and sociology, commander-in-chief of three armies in the old world, represents a people denationalized for a thousand years, so pervasively, so convincingly, that the American President and our State Department have joined with Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan in recognizing their armies as belligerents and their home people as a sovereign ally.

Who are these Czecho-Slovaks? Where is their homeland? What are their national aims and aspirations? Why are they fighting now all along the Trans-Siberian railroad even to the Pacific, against the Russian Bolsheviki?

The Czecho-Slovaks are the westernmost of the Slavs. The Bohemians, who call themselves Czechs, are in what they have called a Slav island surrounded by a Teuton sea. They have owed an unwilling, protesting allegiance to Austria, while Slovakia, Bohemia Unredeemed, just over the border in Hungary, has been oppressed by the Magyars. Together, the Czechs and their compatriots the Slovaks, make one compact people of nine or ten millions, now known as the Czecho-Slovaks.

The Bohemian nation has never acknowledged the rule of the Hapsburgs as legitimate.

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The Hapsburg Dual-Monarchy originated as a union of three independent states, nearly four centuries ago,—to be exact, in 1526. Then it was that German Austria, Hungary and Bohemia agreed to unite as fully autonomous states. The Hapsburgs, however, at once violated their pledge and began the long campaign to Germanize the Union. When the voluntary kinship was established, Hungary was occupied by the vanguard of the victorious Turkish invasion. In fact, it was reduced to little more than Slovakia. It took the combined struggle of both Austria and Bohemia for nearly two centuries to liberate the Magyars from their Ottoman oppressors.

Bohemia, weakened by the religious persecutions deliberately instigated and carried out by the Hapsburgs, defended her independence bravely. In 1618 she attempted a revolution which ended in her defeat and the Thirty Years War. As punishment the dynasty imposed absolution, confiscated four-fifths of the land and exiled more than 30,000 families of the Protestants and Bohemian brethren. But the Czech people never submitted. Indeed, as late as 1775 the peasants of Moravia nobly defended their national church. Both Bohemians and Hungarians stoutly defended their historical rights against the centralizing and Germanizing efforts of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. Then came the general reaction in Europe after the French Revolution, a reaction led on the continent by Austria. This backward swing of the pendulum went too far under the guidance of the cynical Metternich and the revolution of 1848 came on. The Czechs were the first to break out into revolt against the tyranny of Vienna. Under the brutal Windischgratz, the Austrian troops put down the Czechs, while the court called in Russian aid to suppress the Magyars. Again there came the reaction of the early fifties. Austria suffered two great military reverses: in 1859 at the hands of France and Italy, and in 1866 by Prussia. To save the dynasty, the Hapsburgs grudgingly made some small concessions and Austria became, in 1867, the Dual-Monarchy,—Austria-Hungary.

Through all the negotiations which resulted in this remodeling of the system, the Czechs demanded the same rights as the Magyars. They insisted that the Austrian Emperor should be crowned king of Bohemia at Prague as well as of Hungary at Budapest. Emperor Francis Joseph first

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tried to crush the Czechs by military force. Finding that he could not break their opposition he was compelled to recognize their historical rights. Finally, he promised that he would be crowned King of Bohemia. This solemn promise he made three times to the Czech people—each time to the Diet in formal sitting, in 1861, 1870 and 1871. Later, in 1879, when the Czech members first entered Parliament, he again pledged his royal word.

Berlin and the Magyars, however, opposed him and the royal word was not kept. Bismarck and the Hungarian leader Andrassy made an agreement and Austria-Hungary became the vanguard of Prussia in the Balkans and later, because of this, against Russia. When Bismarck's star had set, William the Second began his openly avowed Pan-German policy, which was, in the main, advocated by the entire Triple Alliance. The German "*Drang nach Osten*" (push to the East) planted the seeds of the two Balkan wars and the present tremendous conflict.

Against the whole German and Austrian "*weltpolitik*," which has been responsible for the present war, the Czechs have always protested with all their might, and demanded their historical rights. They never ceased pointing out and urging the fact that Bohemia is not a so-called patrimonium, an hereditary land, but a state, as much so as Hungary, a state that might appeal to diplomatic negotiation and mutual agreement.

The southeastern part of the Czech nation, Slovakia, torn from Moravia and Bohemia a century before, was occupied by the Magyars, who kept up a continuous campaign of Magyarization. Up to the eighteenth century this did not succeed. Indeed, the presence in the Magyar tongue of many Slovak terms (in fact, hundreds of them) denoting facts and processes of civilized life, prove that the Magyars themselves were dependent on the Slovaks in a cultural way—even though they do so often refer to the Slovaks as "not human beings." Later, the Magyars, supported by Vienna and Berlin are denationalizing the Slovaks by force and trying to make Magyars out of them, just as they have been doing with Roumanians, Ruthenians, Serbians.

The Hapsburgs have played fast and loose with the Slovaks in their usual fashion. In the early days of the uprising of 1848 they supported the Slovaks against the Magyars and aided in the formation of a Slovak army to

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march on Budapest. Even as late as 1861 Emperor Francis Joseph promised a Slovak deputation his support against the Magyars. In 1867, however, when the socalled "dualism" was formed with the Magyars, the Hapsburgs began a conspiracy against all non-German and non-Magyar nationalities. The Hapsburgs have now completely sacrificed the Slovaks to Magyar jingoism.

Austria herself has already, upon several occasions, practically acknowledged the justice and real existence of the position taken by the Czech nation and its armies in the present war. Last spring Emperor Charles sent an official delegate to the Czecho-Slovak army in Russia to persuade it—if possible—to return home, promising that, in such an event, all the troops should be granted full amnesty and, furthermore, that complete autonomy would be granted to the nation they represented. At the same time similar advances were made to the Czech leaders in Prague.

Berlin and Vienna invoke international law against the Czechs and their Slovak brethren. But it is the Germans and Austrians who themselves have, from the very first days of the war, trampled under foot almost all the precepts of international law. Great Britain, France, Japan and the United States of America have recognized the Czecho-Slovak people and their armies, thus establishing a new precedent in the law of nations. This recognition puts the Czech question forward squarely before the world as an international question. It is no longer an internal problem of Austria-Hungary, but the simple question of the right of a nation, united and determined and its state and government, to independence and sovereignty. This question will be discussed at the peace conference, at which it now seems certain the Czech representatives will participate, on a common footing with all the other peoples who have shed their blood in the common cause.

The recognition of the Czecho-Slovak National Council, representing the entire Czech nation, by the Entente Allies and the United States means that the western nations fighting the Central Powers no longer regard the preservation of Austro-Hungarian integrity as necessary or desirable.

It has been an established fact in European progressive politics for many years that the dismemberment of the Dual Monarchy is actually one of the foremost objects of both war and peace.

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If the Entente Allies and the United States recognize the right of their partner, Italy, to *Italia Irredenta* (the Italian provinces of Austria); if a united Poland is to arise from the ashes of its former self; if Roumania has her right to her nationals in Transylvania, Bukovina and Bessarabia; if the Jugo-Slavs should be united in a sovereign state to include Croatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and portions of Hungary, Istria, Carniola, and Styria; if the Ruthenians in Galicia, Bukovina and Hungary are to be finally united and independent (and who will deny the rights of all these long oppressed folk), then where is the realm of the Hapsburgs?

Austria-Hungary is a purely artificial state, anti-national and anti-democratic. It is a medieval dynasty oppressing, by the military force of an artificial army, a corrupt aristocracy and a reactionary clerical hierarchy, the nation and peoples entrusted to its care. The Austrian idea is that of absolutism and medieval theocracy, maintaining itself in power by clericalism, falsehood and violence. One of the greatest modern Austrian poets referred to his country as "*geistesmorder*"—"murderer of the spirit." Despite their crimes and reaction, the Hapsburgs, like the Hohenzollerns, have the audacity to claim that they rule "by the grace of God." But Gladstone once truly said: "Nowhere in the world or in her history has Austria ever done anything good or noble." And the English poet Byron exclaimed, "God is not an Austrian."

The German Kaiser not long ago very truly remarked that this war is being waged to decide between American and German ideals. Yes, that is true. And by that measurement, Austria-Hungary is condemned to dismemberment as the logical consequence of American political principles. If human liberty, government of the people, by the people, and for the people, if the equality of nations, great and small is the democratic basis of modern society, then, indeed, is Austria-Hungary condemned to break up.

If Russia is now to be helped, this can best be done by breaking into pieces the artificial empire of the Hapsburgs. Between the Teutons and the Russians there will then arise free Poland, Bohemia and Slovakia, United Roumania and Jugoslavia, Italia redeemed. The Germans and Magyars will then be completely surrounded by these now independent Slav and Latin nations. Russia will never more be a next

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door neighbor to Prussia. She will be protected from the baneful influence of Berlin, and the Russian people and the rejuvenated nationalties of the great Russian federation will be able to develop freely.

The friends of Austria-Hungary attempt to persuade the world—and themselves—that small nations cannot exist, that they must combine in a federation. Austria, these people declare, is such a federation. Austria was a federation so long as her component states (Austria, Hungary, Bohemia) were independent. A federation presupposes the freedom of its component states. But how can Austria, a state which had its origin in violence and which maintains its power solely through force, be a real federation?

The theory that small states and nations cannot exist is contradicted by fact and history. In Europe today there are twenty-seven states, the great majority of which are small.

Long ago the Pan-Germans openly declared that Austria is the chief instrument of the German grandiose policy of "*Drang nach osten,*" "push to the east." Bismarck inaugurated this policy after Prussia had defeated Austria, in 1866, and it has been the German policy down to the present day. Austria is Germany's bridge to the Balkans, and thence on to Turkey, the East and Africa. Therefore, Germany has always so vigorously defended Austria. Austria was defeated by Russia, by Italy, even by little Serbia. Germany saved her and is saving her still. Austria is the strength, but also the weakness of Germany. The Prussian war lords will be quite willing to give up Belgium, all occupied French territory, even Alsace-Lorraine, if only Austria's "integrity" is preserved. Austria is Germany's vanguard to the East and against Russia.

The defenders of Austria claim that a dismemberment of the Hapsburg empire would strengthen Germany by adding to the latter the German provinces of the former. It is not likely that the Hapsburgs themselves would submit to Prussian dictation. Furthermore, it is a simple problem in proportion. Now Prussia has all of the Dual Monarchy's fifty-one millions at her disposal. If the latter were dismembered, Berlin could command only the seven million German-speaking Austrians, since the German minorities in Hungary and Bohemia would not go over to Berlin.

There has been evident in recent years in some quarters—even in this country—a certain Austrophilism, a sort of fond-

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ness or apology for the crazy patchwork quilt of the Hapsburg empire. The clericalism of the Vatican, which cannot forget that Austria-Hungary is the last great Catholic state; the international financiers, who fear for the Austrian public debt; the German Austrian Socialists and some of the Liberals in several countries, who seem to believe that, though the Hapsburg empire cannot remain as it is, it might, perhaps, be reformed into a federation, because (they contend) small states cannot survive—these are the only friends of Austria-Hungary and the only apologists for its continued existence.

But the Hapsburgs do not seem to understand that political liberty has never harmed true religion. Moreover, the devout Catholic Jugo-Slavs and Poles are against Austria.

As to the public debt of the Dual Monarchy, it is on the programmes of all the peoples who are struggling to break away that they will each take over its share of such debt—as it existed up to the outbreak of the present war. War debts incurred since 1914 must—and in all justice—be paid by the Hapsburgs.

As to the contention of the German Socialists and more pacific Liberals in other countries that the rickety realm of Emperor Karl should be mended rather than ended, these are, after all, chiefly Germans, and Berlin has already thundered that she will not permit the federalization of Austria. That would endanger the dominance of the German-speaking minority which now rules. There is no use, purpose or hope for Austria.

The Czechs and their brother Slovaks have actually been fighting on the side of the western Allies since the war began. Almost the day after the Germans entered Belgium, the entire Czecho-Slovak nation arrayed itself against Austria and Germany and on the side of the Entente. This movement was spontaneous and general. The Government at Vienna responded by cancelling all the liberties of the Czechs. Parliament having been dissolved, all political parties were put under police supervision, newspapers were muzzled or suppressed, political meetings were forbidden. In short, for the Slavs and Latins of Austria, the war began by a terror at home. Vienna, of course, knew that only the Germans and Magyars were for war.

Czecho-Slovak soldiers began at once a literally open op-

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position to war and to the Government at Vienna. They refused to fight, surrendered to the Russians en masse and soon formed Czecho-Slovak legions in the Allied armies. These Czecho-Slovak soldiers thus began a new and peculiar sort of revolution, which the world at first did not understand. Now, it is all becoming clear and appreciated. This revolution is the result of a movement among the Czech people, popular and spontaneous. There are, of course, a number of Czech political parties as among any other politically mature peoples. But this very political maturity among the Czechs is indicated by the absolutely unanimous attitude on the war and the rights of the people.

Nothing the Hapsburgs might do could move the Czechs. The most revolting forms of terrorism, such as literally decimating their regiments, hanging and shooting of civilians, even of women and children; the confiscation of property, throwing into jail thousands of innocent people; all was of no avail. Then the Hapsburg Emperor tried a new course. He promised federalization, autonomy, and his own coronation as King of Bohemia. Nothing moved the Czechs. They utterly refused to put any trust in the word of a Hapsburg.

Just at this moment—as the course of history is here being traced—with the unanimous approval of the Czechs in all the homelands, the Czecho-Slovak National Council was formed. This body organized the Czech and Slovak colonies in the Allied and neutral countries. It organized the army and then, calmly and with a full realization of what such action implied, it declared (on November 14, 1915) that the Hapsburgs had been deposed from the throne of Bohemia. Having been elected by the free will of the nation and having violated the mutual agreement, they are now—so runs the Czech declaration—deposed. Guilty, as the Hapsburgs are, of this war, the Czechs insist that such a dynasty and its rule are obstacles to the sound development of Europe.

With armies fighting on three fronts (in France, in Italy, in Russia), the Czecho-Slovak nation is working out its logical, historical destiny. Austrians may call these men traitors. But their revolution will surely be justified by their democratic effort for the restitution of their independence. "Before Austria existed," said Palacky, "Bohemia was. When Austria has passed away, Bohemia still shall be."

There is, not only in Europe, but in world politics as well,

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a real political significance in the rise of the Czecho-Slovak state. In the first place, such a state will be one effective barrier against German ambition. The Czechs are really the westernmost anti-German wedge of the Slavs. For more than a thousand years they have fought against the Germans. This has toughened them and taught them how to defend themselves. Mommsen called upon his countrymen to break the hard skulls of the Czechs.

The Czecho-Slovak state will not even be among the smallest of Europe. It will be formed of the so-called "crown lands" of Bohemia, Moravia and Siberia, and of Slovakia (in the northern part of Hungary). This makes a territory four times as large as Belgium, with a population of between twelve and thirteen millions—this depending on how the new map makers of Europe dispose of the national minorities. Of the Czechs and Slovaks themselves there are ten millions. This would make the new state the eighth in Europe in size, with nineteen smaller than it.

The affairs of the Czecho-Slovak people in their foreign relations—that is, their struggles during the present war for independence—are managed and directed by the Czecho-Slovak National Council, headquarters in Paris, but with branch offices in London, Petrograd, Rome, Washington and New York. The Council is, in fact, the provisional government of the future Czecho-Slovak state. Its functions, however, deal not with domestic affairs but with the army, and relations with foreign nations.

Its deliberations and decisions, up to the present, have been very largely, if not almost wholly, inspired and executed by the mind and will of one man, the President, Dr. Thomas G. Masaryk, author, scholar, scientist, philosopher, statesman, and founder of the Progressive Party in Bohemia. Prof. Masaryk established in Paris the Czecho-Slovak Revolutionary Committee, and later organized in Russia, from among prisoners of war, an army of his countrymen fifty thousand strong. This is the nucleus of the now famous Czecho-Slovak fighting force that has seemed to rise out of the mists of the great war, and, even now, as this is written, has been the solid foundation upon which a new Eastern front against Germany has been reëstablished.

LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN AND GEORGE PEET.

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WAR'S AFTERMATH FOR THE RAILROADS

BY G. P. GARRETT

DOUBTLESS, owing to the intolerable conditions that were developing from unsound financing, failure to maintain and develop their material resources, poor service and other causes, the railroads would ultimately have fallen prey to various political experiments, though the war had not come. In what consisted the reason for the incapacity of the railroads to equal their opportunity for service in pre-war times it is too difficult to sum up in a sentence. Certainly profiteering systems of capitalization seem fully as much to blame as the waste and losses caused by conflicting State and Federal regulation. In any case, the railroads were all extending their main lines toward bankruptcy when the war declared itself.

War requirements demanded extraordinary measures for the safety of the state. Acting under the war powers of the Constitution, the directorship of the railroads was assumed by the Government. Thus, in a twinkling, a step over which a generation would have hesitated has been boldly taken.

The complete right-about-face in the theory of railroading which the act involves has not been fully appreciated. Heretofore competition has been the cure-all for industrial and railroad diseases. Antagonistic organizations bidding eagerly for trade were depended upon to serve the public well by reason of their conflicting interests. To earn their patronage, they must consider the best welfare of their patrons. In a sense, the idea worked. It led, however, to wastage and self-destruction. One whole department had to be devoted to the business of getting traffic when in the true nature of things the traffic should flow voluntarily

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through the arteries of commerce. Communities saw surcease from extortion only in playing one route against another, and so duplication of systems was encouraged, with a consequent division of profits and accumulation of expenses. Business found that competition did not succeed economically, and desperate evasions of law by means of monopoly agreements, combines and conspiracies were attempted. The law discovered that unscrambling such aggregations of interests was impossible. As a matter of fact, it came to be recognized from a practical point of view that railroads, like the Post-Office, are monopolistic in their nature, and that it is straining against natural forces to compel competition in the province of transportation. Any alteration in principle so tremendous as to drop as a keynote competition and adopt monopoly would in ordinary course only have been made after men now unborn had taken the responsibility thereof. Yet the war has brought about that bouleversement—we have accepted monopoly as our guide in our time of crisis.

With the Government in command, utilizing all the resources and potentialities of the railroads as a single system, the need of competition has ceased. As a principle, it has become temporarily obsolete. Already this has been recognized, and rearrangements made in accordance therewith. The sales departments of the various lines have shut up shop. Harmony of operation—co-operation, in other words—is being enforced, in a manner wholly contrary to the former legislative plan of encouragement in competition. Rates are being equalized and interchange of traffic to the best ends of the country's needs, rather than the immediate benefit of the individual units is being demanded.

Of course, the unification is empirical. At present there is no determined purpose evident that it shall outlast the war period. Yet as the experiment fails or carries through will the future of the railroads be shaped. The first crop that the railroads have reaped from the war has been centralization of operation through drastic governmental control. The second crop—the aftermath—will be sown at the coming of peace. The future of the railroads is even now being fixed by the results of the present trial. Government ownership as well as Government control are on probation.

Accurate analysis of the effect of the advent of peace upon railroad management is a problem in prognosis with

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many prismatic angles. It is really a study of Public Opinion in the nascent stage.

While upon all subjects Public Opinion is but the crystallization of the conviction of mankind in general as to the particular point it nevertheless derives its authority wholly from the section of mankind from which it emanates and finds its sanction in the degree of its appeal to different groups and classes of men. Mankind as a whole is a constant quantity and the ultimate source of all the dictates of Public Opinion, but the force of Public Opinion largely proceeds from the small proportion of mankind directly interested in the particular theme to which that opinion speaks. In arriving at the probable policy that Public Opinion will adopt after the war with reference to railroads, we must consult the classes of the public which, because of immediate personal interest, will chiefly share in the formative processes of that opinion. We find eight, viz:

(1) The capitalistic interests represented by the bankers and operating executives, (2) the operating employees, subdivided into the organized and the unorganized, (3) the stockholders, (4) the bondholders, (5) the travelling public, (6) the shippers, (7) the politicians, and (8) the general public.

We have enumerated the constituent elements of Public Opinion as regards the railroad. Each of the classes named is studying the war expedient of national control of the transportation companies through the lenses of self-interest. As their decision is favorable or unfavorable the state of affairs hereafter will be governed.

The operating executives are few in number. Except as they represent the financial backers of the railroads—the bankers, for instance—their voice is small. Speaking for their principals, however, they are divided upon the question of the success of present arrangements. They find in the present status, disadvantage as well as advantage.

Their incentive is gone—the incentive of large personal emolument, great individual prestige, autocratic political control. So be it. Little is lost. These men so far as they stand for " the interests " are but feudal vassals of rapacious financial barons who have too long been permitted to descend from their currency mountain fastnesses upon the populous plains of the small investor. Out of the operating employees, as in the past, so, in the future, we can evolve managers for

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our companies, sufficiently able to keep the traffic moving, and loyal to a new master—the Government.

They see, on the other hand, positive relief in the present state of affairs in that they are no longer hampered by the conflicting and irreconcilable jurisdictions of State and Federal Commissions. Their verdict against the new plan can at least be no worse than a Scotch one of "not proven."

The bankers themselves, who have heretofore guided the destiny of transportation by supplying the sinews of currency through which the corporations found energy to act—the bankers must clearly deprecate the present conditions. They are utterly shorn of strength. They no longer fix the budgets, adjust the capitalizations, market the securities. And they must readily see that, whatever the final settlement, whether Government ownership or Government control, they will never be allowed to resume their wrecking powers of yore.

So much for Class One.

The operating employees find contentment in the new régime. High wages allure them. And there are other considerations. For example, the thought appeals that in the new era that is dawning upon Labor, the organized laborers among them will grasp the sceptre of railroad rule. In this they are to be disappointed. Out the travail of war has come a feasible means of coping with Labor as with Capital and the ambitious amongst the employees are to find that we shall have a Labor Board in peace, whose mandates must command respect. So the rosy aspect which the future with the railroads under Government management wears for organized labor is not wholly warranted. Labor pirates are no more to be tolerated than money barons. Again labor is not going to be satisfied with a dictate to stay out of politics. As well forbid the fish the sea as deny to the working man his natural habitat. Yet this has already been decreed, and it is a just sequence of governmental management.

The stockholders as well are satisfied with to-day's conditions. They desire no return to passed dividends and the shake-up of diminished values and assessments arising from re-organizations. So it is at any rate with those interested in the least prosperous roads. And there are not many of the self-sufficient companies.

On the ground of stability, the bondholders likewise have common cause with the stockholders.

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It is to be remembered that these two classes are in truth the actual owners of the properties, however little they may share in the direction thereof.

One requirement of Government control in peace will, however, violently pre-dispose these owners against the project. This will be the readjustment of values which must be made. When all the water is wrung from the railroad stocks and bonds, these people will find their paper shares miraculously shrunken.

The traveling public cares little, as such, to whose hands the railroads are committed. Service and cheap rates are its criterion of success. These it was more likely to get under the old plan, for competition favored them. Therefore it will, rather hazily, favor a return to individual competitive ownership.

The shippers are suffering now from abnormal derangement of traffic. They are, far more than the travellers, the backbone of the railroad income and they are being treated to higher rates and a scant respect. Their losses are much greater than in the usual run of things, and they are having more difficulty in collection. Transit of freight is frightfully delayed. Yet here the Government can rightly plead necessity. And it is fair to assume that, at least in the matter of service, there will be a gyroscopic return to normal, when peace flutters in. Though rates will be likely to stay up, yet, since the public, and not the shipper, suffers the calamity of added freights by paying a greater price for its commodities, this is not a cause of worry to the shipper.

Depending upon their point of view, as favorable to national or States rights, the politicians are found to be conformists or non-conformists with the idea of national control of railroads. Naturally the States, as such, have little part in the new dispensation. Congress and the Interstate Commerce Commission are and must be supreme. Thus as to transportation, which now includes intra-state as well as interstate commerce, the State Legislatures and the State Executives find themselves stripped of a whole department of activity. On the other hand, the federalists look forward to an enlarged sphere of influence, opportunity for pork, and a chance to play the game of the spoils system on a scale grander than ever before burst upon their vision.

Lastly, the general public—what of it? Already it sees foreshadowed higher rates of fare, higher freight tariffs,

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higher taxes, the transfer of a huge army of citizens into Government employ, a system of pensions (sustained by taxes) far more stupendous than has been the derivative of our Civil War, and a restriction of lines and means of traffic. Part of these results are the concomitants of Government direction, and part of stifled competition.

As the foregoing summary illustrates, each enumerated class has its own motives to approve or to condemn a continuation of the war measures affecting the railroads into the times of peace. From such a medley and conflict of thought and interests it is, of course, not possible to formulate any policy upon the matter which Public Opinion will surely embrace. Conjecture, however, is justified, and conjecture points to a compromise between the practical and temporary Government ownership of to-day and the loose Government supervision of yesterday. Such a compromise may be denominated federal control, but this phrase will carry with it a new, and not yet wholly defined, significance.

The Government will not own the railroads. There is much sentiment against such ownership. Moreover, any just compensation to the present owners, stockholders and bondholders would create an enormous tax bill against the taxpayers of the nation. Again a huge valuation of private property would thereby be removed automatically from the taxable assets of the States and United States. The Government cannot well tax itself. Likewise to place under the Government as employees so great a proportion of its citizens, thereby excluding them from participation in active politics, or—as the alternative—making them parts of a huge and potent engine of the political parties, would be disorganizing. And, anyhow, it has developed out of the present experiment that Government ownership is unnecessary.

The de-centralized and partial supervision of the old days has seen its death. Whatever the logic of the political theories that demanded it—and they were logical—the long course of the history of the transportation problem has proved that such supervision is unworkable. Slowly, basing its authority on the public interest that attaches to franchised property, the Law had been accommodating itself even before the war to the pragmatic necessity of Governmental visatory powers over commercial facilities. Everywhere it became apparent that these powers, as exercised, were incomplete, and everywhere, until it became recognized that

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commerce is a subject indivisible into arbitrary compartments of intra-state and interstate transportation, this visatory power found itself at odds with itself. Then the war descended upon the problem, and with remarkable celerity, made short work of the entanglements. It has not yet finished its duty; there remain yet absurd distinctions between short lines and long lines; but it has progressed a generation in a year and a half. And it has determined what events before the war were indicating, namely, that rate and tariff direction is but a phase of efficient and adequate Governmental control. There must be control of labor, of capital issues of the whole machinery of transportation. There must be an end to unrelated State Commissions—local agencies must remain, of course; but they will be regional subdivisions of a federal supreme authority.

So our conjecture forms itself as follows:

The Government will not own the railroads. It will not exercise over them the dictatorial powers as to diversion of shipments, and priority and other such matters now assumed by it. There will remain a Director General and he will head a department of railroads. This department will have complete power to control and regulate the matters of finance relating to railroads, capital issues, loans and bonds and securities, wages, fares and rates, it will maintain the equipoise between the owners, the operators, the laborers, and the public. It will supersede the State Railroad Commissions, acting itself through regional commissions, so interrelated that there will be a supreme appeal power, and no entangling authorities.

Such a transition is a vindication of the present régime by the approval of Public Opinion. On the whole the vindication is already generally conceded. Events before the war were driving to just such a conclusion. The war but accelerated the change. After all, modified as the scheme will be by the legislation that will follow the recurrence of peace, the system will not even be revolutionary. Simply we shall have found salvation from our difficulties in the excitement of a revival rather than through the slow processes of quiet conversion.

G. P. Garrett.

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THE CREATION OF A SUPERNATIONAL MIND

BY WILLIAM MC CLELLAN

EVER since the phrase "The International Mind" first came over my counter it has been lying in my mental till, awaiting valuation. Time after time I have picked it up, sounded it, hoped it was genuine, wondered if it would ever circulate, then dropped it back. So far as I know, it was coined by Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler in 1912, when he opened the Lake Mohonk Conference. But he did little more than mention it, with a somewhat platitudinous definition, which implied a much more reformed world than the world into which it was invited to enter.

For years and years we had heard, from certain dubious quarters, of an internationalism which meant the abolition of all ideas of patriotism, fatherland, tradition, and faith in race and type. Not so long ago, a rather prominent and otherwise virile American is said to have ridiculed the idea of a national emblem. Our Socialist friends would have us proceed as rapidly as possible to a state of mind which includes no government and conceit of a national flag. Was the "international mind" a spurious contribution? Certainly no one would suspect Mr. Butler of knowingly coining an obvious counterfeit. But the best of men may be mislead to extravagances, especially when presiding at peace conferences. Of course, if it was merely a short expression for the golden rule, we should be quite willing to accept it,—with more or less unconscious reservations. Or, if the proposed international mind should bear a strong resemblance to what we called our national mind, in other words, if other nations would follow our lead, then the international mind was excellent. In 1914 an event happened which showed how diseased a national mind could get, and the

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havoc it could work. Evidently, a national mind developed to the extreme might become a very virulent mind.

In passing, this overwrought national mind is worth examining as a new phenomenon. Nineveh and Egypt, Greece, Carthage and Rome, Byzantium and the Italian City States, France and England, never developed it. Either the proletariat were content to stay at home and let an aggressive dynastic mind charge and discharge abroad; or their national mind was not wrought at all, but came through centuries of slow accretions of ideas and experiences. Certainly never before has there been a national mind so thoroughly built into each individual of the nation. And I am not convinced that the raw material on which the Hohenzollerns wrought was so intrinsically peculiar. I am inclined to think that the monstrous Teutonic cowardice, cruelty and unsportsmanship are due to the cultivation instead of the eradication of originally universal elements. But this is idle speculation for the time. The world is righteously committed to uprooting Teutonism now. The lesson is this: construct the gods which a nation is to worship, dazzle it with physical and mental offerings, and you can easily cause it to forget it has a soul. A state can organize the bodies and minds of its members, but the individual must water and nurture his own soul; and the soul of a nation is of the souls of its members.

The example of one overwrought national mind, and the possibility of others, strengthened my suspicion of the ultimate usefulness of a mere international mind. This is not only a matter of terms. A term may be inaccurate and do no damage, if everyone is well acquainted with the object. When attempting, however, to introduce a new idea which you hope to have universally accepted, the more accurate and definitely descriptive you make the title, the less difficulty you will meet, both from the indifferent and the argumentative. An international mind suggests the linking together of national minds. It is not an entity, possessed of inherent strength, but is dependent upon its least advanced member,—its weakest link. Even the strongest national mind may be a menace through overdevelopment. In short, the idea of a mere international mind, does not imply any surrender of sovereignty by national minds in their thinking. A national mind, conceivably, might be extraordinarily unselfish in making plans, and might give much considera-

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tion to the possible plans of other nations. In doing so it might acknowledge no external control over its own actions, no surrender of any of its sovereignty. This would give it a fatal weakness.

In our own early history, we had a notable example when the thirteen colonial minds came together to join forces for their ultimate good. I think there was an inter-colonial mind in operation, or they would never have come together. They failed, however, for a time, because of the absence of any super-colonial mind. This was born in the very failure, and grew to the national or Union mind. The absolute necessity for such a super-colonial or super-state mind, and the extended time and experience necessary for its full development, was proved by 1861. The war of the States was the final act in the creation of the super-state, and of a national mind. One trembles a bit, under the excitement of humanitarian longings and hopes, and wonders if a similiar, but greater glory can come from this war of nations. In any event, will a battle-tired world be ready to consider the creation and eventual enthroning of a super-national mind, and to provide an appropriate organization through which it can control a world development?

This brings us face to face with national sovereignty. Is this an insuperable obstacle to the creation of a new mind? Is the nation, built up on social or political lines, the highest form of state which may exist? If so, a super-national mind is denied a super-state organization in order to work out its high purposes. I think we need have little fear at this point. The world has seen sovereigns, all the way from the simple tribesman to the ruler of a kingdom with centuries of history, abdicate portions of sovereignty to higher states. Sovereign France and Imperial Germany were not born in a day or without long effort. By neither analogy nor reason have we any right, a priori, to set a limit to further growth. To deny the possibility of a further evolution would be arbitrary to the extreme. Difficulty is to be expected, and much time may be needed, but the alternative is hopeless if mere obstacles are translated, in advance, into impossibilities. In any case the world cannot be denied the opportunity to set its face in a right direction.

We would get a broader and more definite conception of the supernational mind, if we could catch a glimpse of it by peering into history. From time to time it is refresh-

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ing to discover acts of compassion and self-denying justice to weaker states, but in these no transcendent supernational mentality is indicated. At numerous times, powerful states have refrained from using to the limit a position of advantage, but history has never ascribed the actions to a supernational motive. Moreover, such isolated cases are not indicative of a general change in foreign policy or in national aspects which would arise from the possession of a supernational mind. This could be proved only in the great conclaves of nations where vast and clashing material interests are at stake. Previous to the Congress of Vienna, it would be idle to search. The Congress met in the midst of a war-torn Europe, which had seen coalition after coalition organized to drive out a tyrant. It might reasonably have been expected that this experience would quicken supernationality in some way. But the Congress was so intensely nationalistic, that even Metternich had no fear of the Holy Alliance (itself solely nationalistic) formed shortly thereafter. He even used it as a tool in his later schemes. We need not linger long to investigate the period of the Russian Wars, or the times of Bismarck and Louis Napoleon. Certainly nothing of a supernational or international mind can be discerned in the later decades of the nineteenth century, when Balance of Power was the fetish to which every diplomat bowed. Bismarck's "reinsurance" theories and the attempts to revive them with Lord Haldane shortly before the war, the Morocco Conference and its curious duplicities, and the Boxer incident, offer no evidence of the play of anything but intensely and exclusively national minds.

Shall we turn with hopeful expectancy to the various conventions, congresses and conferences of which the Hague Conferences are most eminent examples? When the specially selected and instructed delegates met at the Hague, a large part of the world looked for a new type of thinking. Certain important agreements, which curtailed or controlled national action, provided indubitable evidence of incipient supernational thought. But on the whole, when the time for large action came, almost undiluted nationalism asserted itself. Fortunately it was not complete. Something new was revealed as the various minds met. Many of those representative, patriotic delegates, without abandoning in the slightest degree their intense nationality, raised it to a higher plane of thought, which would have been translated

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into action if the world had been ready. In this year of 1918, after four terrible years of war, we know why they failed. They were attempting to knit new threads into the world's worn-out, hopelessly rotten political garment. Of course they failed, and this monstrous war had to come.

It is hardly necessary to prove that the supernational mind is impossible for an autocracy or oligarchy. In either government, there can be no freely developing national mind. There is repression and constraint. Thought is largely conscripted. The autocracy with its accompanying class distinctions must be maintained for ultimately selfish ends. Foreign action, even in the most benevolent autocracy, finally must be for the aggrandizement and firmer establishment of the existing order. Would anyone look for supernational thinking where "*'L'Etat, c'est moi*" is a motto? Looking back, after years, we must attribute a peculiar naïveté, and not a hypocritical effrontery, to Czar Alexander I, when he promoted the Holy Alliance. The most penetrating thinkers were somewhat puzzled when another Czar called first one peace convention, and then another,—meetings necessarily hopeless unless controlled by a supernational mind. It took the terrible catastrophe of 1914 to uncover the horrible vanity and soulless hypocrisy of an autocratic nationalism. No—a supernational mind must grow out of a true national mind, which must emerge in turn from the melting together of freely developing individual minds. The supernational mind is the fruit of democracy.

The conclusion follows that the supernational mind arises only from a highly developed national mind. At first impression, this seems somewhat paradoxical,—but only at first. Australia is no less a state, but more, if it partakes of the imperial mind of the British Dominion. Massachusetts yields, in form, part of its sovereignty to the Federal Government of the United States, but regains it in higher form and larger spirit in proportion as it increases its self-respect as a State, and discharges its peculiar responsibilities completely and honestly. It is great as a State exactly in the ratio that it cultivates the national mind. The supernational mind, far from destroying patriotism, opens the door to infinitely higher opportunities for the nation which cultivates it.

Will not a supernational mind have to be universally inclusive? Can it permit any nation to be boycotted that

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promises to cultivate and employ it? Would a supernational mind ever think out an economic league against any one or group of nations? The question is asked of my fellow bitter-enders,—bitter-enders, so far as concerns the complete and utter eradication of that present German National mind, otherwise known as Prussianism or Hohenzollernism. I sometimes think that those who prepared this economic league forgot entirely that Germany was to be beaten—brought to her kness, compelled to renounce her former creed, after a baptism of fire from allied guns. We mean this,—all of us mean it,—absolutely. If we were not sure before, the United States' reply to Austria on September 16th convinced us. Sooner or later we shall have an absolute and righteous military victory, and then the idea of some is that we shall clinch this with an economic one. Well, we shall get it by creating the biggest buying and selling market in Germany that is possible. We shall get it by denying her any opportunity to exploit any part of the earth. We shall lose it by denying to the German millions one ounce of raw material which they may need to raise their production to the maximum. True they will have goods to sell, but then they must buy, and they must buy from us. The supernational mind will demand all this of Germany, and of the rest of us,—but more also. It will demand that all energy be applied to production and that all militarism be eliminated just as quickly as fear of oppression and aggression is removed,—just as soon as national minds can recover from their centuries-long orgy of blood and crime. The supernational mind now discovers itself as an ardent faith possessed by the highly developed national mind of a democratic people. The national mind that develops it is neither altruistic nor selfish in essence. A nation possessing it, has come to understand that its own well-being and prosperity are not marked off from that of its fellows, but are part and parcel of the well-being of all. Such a nation has learned that there is a political and economic relation higher than even a sovereign state. It perceives clearly that its own sovereignty may be more finely established by an acknowledgment of the higher and more embracing one. It would finally control every action of the nation possessing it, so that while impelled to forge ahead as far as possible, the advance would never be at the expense of another nation.

The new sovereignty would have, necessarily, an uplift-

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ing relation to backward and undeveloped states. The greatest menace to the peace of the world is a sovereign state of low material or moral development. Witness Mexico, Persia, Turkey, China, at one time Spain, and to-day even Russia. In the scramble for territory, the rights of one nation, as against those of another, to a block of Africa, have been acknowledged as subject to arbitration, but those questions which have to do with the sovereign honor of a nation are explicitly classified as having a final right of appeal to war. If the world wants peace it must see to it that every claim or demand for sovereignty is accompanied by political, material and moral development which will insure an adequate sense of responsibility. This is the basis of admission of a State to the United States, and has been the fundamental idea in our treatment of Cuba.

The close of the war will see every national mind hopeless and faithless in regard to the adequacy of its old methods of thinking. When they look back to those complacent first years of the century, on the numerous laudations of national prosperity and righteousness, on the easy-going assurance of permanent peace, on the "hands across the sea," the rapprochements and interchange of national compliments, there will be doubt and misgivings as to where to turn for what is true and firm and lasting. The main question then will not be, "Can we form a league of nations, and will it succeed?" The question above all others will be, "Shall we start in a new direction with faith and courage? In other words, shall we create a supernational mind?"

With the creation of a supernational mind, and its development, will come the new statesmanship. It will be economic. Political thinking will be of a new sort. Production,—not material only,—but mental and spiritual also, will be the business of the state. This of necessity will include efficient distribution. Finally, for the development and growth of the supernational mind we shall need the most intimate and numerous contacts not only between governments but between peoples. This can come only from an international commerce such as we have never known before. A commerce of things, and thoughts, and ideals.

WILLIAM MCCLELLAN.

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SHAKESPEARE AND THE HOUR

BY F. V. KEYS

In the hour of extremity, nations, no less than individuals, turn instinctively to the best and greatest moments of their history. Such moments are the gauge of the power of men, and of peoples; the gauge of their power not alone to achieve distinction, but to resist destruction. Easily submerged in the shallows of what we call normal times, they rise on the inner horizon when man plunges in the deeps, and revive under the impact of desperate adversity to succor, relieve, and confirm.

Shakespeare is such a moment, the greatest, in the history of the English race. In him, the Island genius showed what it could yield, when, not ceasing for a moment to be itself, but hospitable to every influence of a teeming time, it put forth the supreme flower of its richly mingled stock, and wafted fragrance across the universal scene. He is the pledge, for he is the consequence, of the susceptibility of the English spirit to all humane influences irrespective of time, or place, or race, as he is the pledge of the native power which could make of that so varied mingling something wholly distinctive and new: something unique in the infiniteness of its contrasts and in the vastness of its reconcilements. On his stage as on no other, man casts off the mask of the fortuitous and stands forth in the very lineaments of his own nature, presaging that he is something more than the mere sum of his experiences: that in personality there lies a secret potency that transmutes the energies of the universe into something new, something unique and precious, of which mortality is a detail, not the end.

There are the deepest reasons, to-day, why his countrymen should draw near to Shakespeare. In him we are taught what the English genius can achieve of spiritual power and insight and of sheer beauty, in circumstances fundamentally similar to our own. For to every sensitive student of human

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affairs it is plain that we are essentially one with the generations that inaugurated the struggle, formulated or distorted the aim, and consecrated or desecrated the achievement, of the Renascence. The eyes of Shakespeare opened on a world that was reaping the first great harvest of its spiritual labor. In the rich field of the Europe of the waning sixteenth century, the tares could be descried already plentiful among the ears of wheat. Not only the permanent triumphs, the splendid consummations, of the Renascence, but also her sordid failures, her mere lapses back into the primitive and raw, her grave perversions, in matters of both private and public concern,—all these were present in that human life upon which Shakespeare looked, as Samuel Johnson observed, " in the highest degree curious and attentive." Herein lies his significance for us to-day. For our problem differs scarcely even in complexity from his. The magnitude of the physical forces aligned to-day is simply the index of the sum of the spiritual powers involved; and as the opposites are mighty, so the issue is momentous. Who so likely to clarify our judgment and confirm our will, to save us from the twin errors of the Establishment and the Conventicle, as he to whose perspicacity as an observer, and to whose power and wisdom as judge of what is essentially our problem, all succeeding centuries and the stages of the world bear witness?

This is no time for expressing our relation to Shakespeare by any material symbol. To-day, if ever, that relation must be an inward one. All the memorable tributes said or sung are only votive scrolls hung on the walls of the vast and viewless temple which is Shakespeare's Influence, the only monument which he who was for his contemporaries the Soul of the Age would care to acknowledge, or which we need be careful about maintaining. If the present hour impels us to secure and extend this great imaginative fabric in the consciousness of his people, each of us must examine for himself the meaning of this influence in the economy of his own life, deepen our understanding while confirming for the poet that terrestrial immortality which he, as much as any of the beings whose longing and whose hope he interpreted, foresaw and mused on.

I

Shakespearean. . . . The word evokes for me, first and last, the sense of something august. First and last; for

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while the implications of the epithet are inexhaustible concerning the aspects of men and things, I never cease to be aware of the august presence. It is as pervasive, in the world of his creator, as Hamlet is in Elsinor.

When I try to follow up the sources of this impression I do not find that it involves any notion of remoteness or exclusion. Æschylus is august for me; but he is set in a civilization so remote in history that only its conspicuous and splendid features reach me; the fine bolting-cloth of time has sifted it of what is casual and gross. Moreover, the spiritual city projected by his genius has never heard laughter, has shut its gates upon all save the heroic and fateful moments of the human spirit. He lights up the great mountains on our horizon, but his alchemy does not gild the lower reaches nor the swarming life of the plains. Æschylus holds a court, where Shakespeare transfigures the race.

Thus I discover that the vastness of its domain is indeed an essential factor in the august in Shakespeare. It is coincident with his world; and the marvel of that coincidence lies for me in the fact that the world he mirrors covers the whole range of the psychology of modern life. Not one of its memories is forgotten, none of its hopes unaugured. Between the two poles of its consciousness the whole gamut of our modern tragedy and comedy plays itself out. But in all the details of this world, from the sordid or familiar to the sublime and potential, I find in Shakespeare's version of it something august.

And this quality, if it is not impaired by the familiar, is singularly independent of the element of the supernal, the supernatural. The thought of spiritual agencies above and beyond themselves is only occasional and fleeting in the minds of Shakespeare's men and women. The life of none of them revolves about any deity as a center. As the human heart is moved to bless or curse its fellows, the attendant gods come and go. They hover in the wings of the human spirit, and it is only to reënforce his own judgments on his kind that man calls them for a moment from the void where they wait upon his tenderness or his fury. From all the supreme scenes they are absent. So are their mortal deputies. Churches rise only to frame some political or martial or merely private passion. Churchmen and friars pass across the stage, forwarding in the most natural manner in the world, human, not celestial ends, whether they play the rôle

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of the vague official or the impotently benevolent, or insinuate into men's affairs the intrigues of faction and thunder the menaces not of heaven but of Rome. No one supernatural dispensation enjoys more favored treatment than another. Christianity, in the splendid imaginative panoply of Catholicism, haunts on occasion the portals of Hamlet's memory; but orthodoxy neither rules his conduct nor sets the limits for his speculation. In his history, early beliefs are like first love; both are for him things

> Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
> The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
> No more.

Unregenerate Lear invokes his gods to blight those who cross his imperious will, but when he casts his kingship to assume humanity, he acknowledges his responsibility not to the gods but for them.

Indeed nothing, perhaps, is more significant in the results of an analysis of what I feel to be the distinguishing quality of Shakespeare's world, than the subordinate rôle assigned therein to the gods and to those who perpetuate officially their worship as the authors of the moral law. There is no design in this subordination. It is simply inevitable. Perhaps in no other report of human affairs is the moral law so omnipresent or so authoritative as in Shakespeare's plays, but it is a moral law integrated in character. That is its abode and only seat. Temples and fanes dot the landscape of the plays as they did the Europe of Shakespeare's day; but neither for him nor for his people are they the sanctuaries that guard the moral law. They and their consecrated rituals are inheritances, appanages of the moral imagination of men and women who in all the moral crises of their lives are their own judges; men and women whose piety is a *pietas* that intermittently pays its tribute, in the echoing cry of frenzied feeling or in the wistful accent of retrospection, to the ancient altars, but whose will and destiny lead their feet far from the spiritual aisles of the past. Their organ of moral vision scans, not the heavens, but their own bosom and the face of men. It is there that they read their sentence, await their punishment, or expect their reward. They never seriously appeal thence to any extra-human tribunal. When facing the void from which Nature called them at birth, they are

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unconcerned with what awaits them, as if some intimate assurance, of which they keep the secret, rendered them indifferent. All the more striking is their concern with what men shall hold of them after they are gone, with the love or pity or execration of men. In the keeping of men they place justice, judgment, and all atonement. Theirs is, perhaps unawares, but consistently, the responsibility of freemen, and they reject all trial and judgment save by their peers.

Here, indeed, is the secret of that atmosphere of augustness that hangs about the Shakespearean world, that accounts for what is subtle and transcendant in his influence. If in his world the supernatural has been superseded by the natural, it is not because the gods have dwindled but because man has grown in stature. Neither Olympus nor Calvary dominates the scene, for man is the great heir of both. Their spiritual values he translates into his own rich humanity, not missing the revolts that stirred, under the shade of either authority, the prophetic soul of the world. He has gone up to the high places and drunk at the well-heads of inspiration: he has learnt the secret of humility and freedom, of pity and implacable justice, of untrammeled speculation and irreversible resolve. What place could there be in so splendid a spiritual arsenal for the petty weapons that hang, in the forms of creeds and systems, at the side of the unimaginative, ready to hand in the interest of unspiritual ends? To such ends only, we have seen, Shakespeare consigns the wielders of them, while the children of his own genius, full of grace and fortitude, proceed about the great business of informing with distinction the human spirit and enlarging its realm. Well might Ben Jonson say that the stage "shook" under the tread of such beings. For they are of the race, and their's is the function, of the Imaginative.

Shakespeare's is not an imaginary world. It is a world of the Imaginative. In it, the imaginative give the key, set the standard, not for individuals only, but for existence. It is they who determine the meanings of life: of love and hate, of chastity and lust, of loyalty and treason; of wit and humor, and of intellect itself. In the plays there are only two categories of human beings. In the welter of political and social distinctions, Shakespeare is concerned philosophically only with two. The line is drawn, and drawn unerringly, between the imaginative and the unimaginative. King or clown, priest or layman, sceptic or believer, lover or warrior, states-

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man or peddler, all fall into one or other of the two final categories, and for all time hold our suffrage or forfeit it according as they read life with or without imagination. For it is the law of Shakespeare's world, whether acknowledged or denied; it is the sun of its system, whether effulgent or suffering eclipse. Imagination, the sovereign quality of Hamlet, suffers almost total eclipse in the hour of his mortal dejection; and the withdrawal of its " shaping spirit " leaves him to the unweeded garden, the sterile promontory, the foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. But his own unconquerable imaginative values shine through his despondent or savage repudiation of the unimaginative world he is imprisoned in; every word he utters is winged, and lifts whatever he touches; his prose has in its rhythm the beat of pinions, and the still stretches of his verse are breathless with the intensity of his imaginative concentration. His imagination pierces to the farthest corners of his world and defines it not for him only, but for us; defines not only its personages, but its religion, its morals, its arts and its philosophy, its ideas in short, not least the idea of honor. Everything about him is thrall to him, even as he enthralls us, as do always the greatly imaginative. Who ever parts with Hamlet but reluctantly? Who ever returns to him without something like amazement, thrilled by the encounter of some fresh instance of imaginative power? Hamlet is out on the great, the human adventure, and he is bound on his adventure not for personal but for human ends. Imaginative heir to the ages, he has to meet and revolutionize a society mortgaged to all the literalnesses of the past. He has our modern equipment to meet the modern problem. Therein is the secret of a part of his hold on us. His figure becomes a symbol of our intimate and finest self; we hang upon his words, his gestures, his fortunes, because they express our own spiritual drama, not alone our secret sorrow, our ultimate isolation, our intellectual revolt, our broken hopes, but also the potential triumph which may be snatched from defeat by the imaginatively distinguished. The peculiar personal allegiance he evokes rests upon our sense of being kin to him through our spiritual potentialities, our potentiality for regarding our personal fortunes as mere experiments in the great laboratory of life, an experiment which we may ourselves conduct in the great style, to greater than personal ends. In other words, Hamlet insinuates to us that we too may become august.

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It is almost inevitable that before one has thought long of Shakespeare's world, one has settled to thinking of Hamlet. For his is the pivotal character of that world. In creating him and his setting, Shakespeare is at his most characteristic moment. Therefore Goethe introduced Shakespeare by introducing Hamlet to his day. The character of Hamlet, like the genius which conceived him, unites at their flood-tide the plastic and the intellectual elements of imagination. The play is literally fragrant with sensuous beauty, and yet it steels the mind by its firmness of intellectual analysis. In it you learn that there is one for whom you cannot question "too curiously." The whole play is simply a pushing of the question farther and farther, and always imagination is there to see that the question is couched in admirably human terms. The action of Hamlet upon the world about him is the action of the poet upon experience. All sensible things he informs with human beauty, universalizes the detail of whatever category, and isolates in a given complex its kernel of psychologic law. The latter function is where Hamlet excels, and it is essentially the function of the poet who is also a dramatist. It is the feature wherein Shakespeare most excels the greatest of his contemporaries. To read his plays in the order of their writing is to watch the tightening of his intellectual hold upon his subject. Where his early contemporaries stare and fumble, he sees and places. From the first he is careless about praising or blaming. His passion is the dramatist's, which is for understanding. It is also Hamlet's. The first crisis of his life, at which we assist, awakens it, and henceforth it supersedes every interest, and an act is transformed for him into a psychological problem. Its solution alone is peremptory. For while the act is his, the psychologic problem is mankind's. He does not solve it, but he succeeds in stating it, which solves his debt not so much to his father as to humanity. It is his recognition of the greater parenthood, the greater responsibility, that makes Hamlet the representative of the most majestic attribute of the children of Shakespeare; their indifference, in the crises of their lives, alike to the immemorial mandate of custom and to the brief authority of the latest creed; their passion for understanding instead of for obeying, and, under the worst blows of fate, their incapacity to recant. August in the imaginative splendor of their lives, they are not less so in their unregretful leave-taking, the termina-

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tion for them of existence, but not of their challenge of it. *That* is their inauguration of the modern world.

II

There is still another sovereign influence that interpenetrates this very sublimity of Shakespeare's concept of life as feeling informs the lineaments of a countenance. I mean his benignity.

The benignity of Shakespeare is like no other, unless it be that of Nature herself. Like hers, it is now an enkindling warmth, a fragrance, and a bloom; now a suffusion, a stillness, a motion in the air. Like hers it is compatible with moments of fury, of utmost violence and the lashings of a sort of savage scorn of man, and like hers it persists beneath these moments and is less extinguished by them than it is heightened. For these are the irresistible reactions of a temper instinctively, positively and actively benign, to whatever outrages benignity. Like Nature's, it will have nothing to do with the obliteration of all distinction in human values that is symptomatic of the new casuistry that levels results by professing to discover an ultimate identity in all motives. So far from flattering humanity, Shakespeare's record would be, at certain moments, intolerable but for this settled unalterable benignity that sustains us even as the favoring influences of Nature have hitherto sustained man in his struggle with the adverse elements.

The streams that feed this benignity are many, but there is one that winds through every landscape to reflect in it some fragment, some detail of the living earth, in a way that is deeply and exquisitely English.

> On her great venture, Man,
> Earth gazes, *as her fingers touch his breast* . . .

In conceiving this striking figure Meredith may well have been prompted by Shakespeare, whose conceiving bosom is never unconscious of that supreme touch. The earth, in her varied aspects and fortunes, is entwined in the very fabric of the plays. None of them so monumental but some blossoming spray of her's is flung across its steeps, some leaf clings to its walls or flower sprouts in the crannies to remind us of the mysterious constant flow of that tide that spells spring to

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the earth and hope to the withered heart of man. She is an integral part of the very being of his men and women, builds them up before us and interprets them to us and their passions and destinies, and is constantly there not as the background but rather as the witness of all their action. For Shakespeare there is no dualism between the earth and man; he will interpret either of them in terms of the other. "Violets dim" are "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, or Cytherea's breath"; winter's bared boughs are "ruined choirs," and he will translate us into the intense and subtle loveliness of an Italian summer night, on the wings of Greek myths, themselves the bodying forth of Nature's forces and inspired at her perennial font of fresh and tender beauty. For if it was the age that led Shakespeare to Greek mythology, it was Nature that gave him the freedom of it. Into the inmost recesses of Hamlet's spiritual suffering some memory of the "cheerful gods of Greece" carries a gleam of grace, a fresher, purer breath from the dawn-tinted peaks of Attic poetry, to relieve, as they pass, the close and stagnant air of the unweeded garden where he languishes. "Mercury, new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill" is only another image of that Nature whose humble flowers, plucked from an English wayside, fill the hands and strew the grave of Ophelia. But "the womb unmeasurable and infinite breast" of the Earth is the source where most often he seeks the symbols of men's spiritual attributes and fortunes. Man's ingratitude bites nearer than the "winter's wind"; his bounty is "an autumn that grew the more by reaping"; first love is "a violet in the youth of primy nature," youth itself a "liquid dew." More subtle is the murmur of Nature's eternal commentary, the undertone to the brief poignant cries of man's suffering or joy. Mingling with the last farewells of lovers we catch the clear note of the lark beating the "vaulty heaven" where day breaks to usher in more than their parting. The old familiar voices of the night, "the owl's scream and the cricket's cry," strike to the guilty ear of murder the knell of all familiar innocent sounds. The "sheets of fire" and "bursts of horrid thunder," the "groans of roaring wind and rain" that sweep the naked heath where old age runs unbonneted before the blast, carry Nature forward in the supreme scene of all tragedy to take her part in the dialogue in trumpet-tones and awe us with the mysterious paradox of her double rôle of ruthless accomplice and in-

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exorable judge of man's cruelty to man. To Shakespeare's ear, the pulse of her vaster rhythms throbs through the darkest moments of human destiny. The hasty fortunes of men are strung upon the endless chain of the recurring miracle of the dawn and the consummation of day, and even while we hold our breath in suspense as we watch in individual man the rising consciousness of the world play its winning or its losing game with blind circumstance, we are aware that Nature is setting her stage for new and greater performances. Indeed, the pity and tenderness which Shakespeare evokes beyond any other tragedian for life's victims would be intolerable,—for him as well as for us,—without the mitigation of that cosmic consciousness which he makes us share with him. The last oblivion comes as a refuge to tortured Lear, but we who watch his passing know that Nature, though she records, will not heed his prayer that she crack her moulds and "all germens spill at once that make ungrateful man." For the imaginative grandeur of Lear, the uses to which he put his own adversity, Nature will not permit to be lost in her vast economy, nor in his who was her instrument. Shakespeare sees man not as a private person only, with his freight of sorrow or joy, but as an eternal creature who shares the glory and retards or forwards the fortunes of the race.

And if the fine detail and the vaster cosmic aspects of Nature breathe into Shakespeare's world the fragrance of an incomparable benignity, her touch upon his genius sets free there also the flow of her deeper sagacity, her slow unalterable preferences, her equally slow but inexorable rejections, her eternal distinctions. It was because his steps are charted by her compass that Shakespeare "kept at all times to the highroad of life." For that highroad is, in the end, of Nature's own building. It is capable of infinite prolonging, but its direction is set once for all. The trend of civilization indicates the polarization of the instincts for order and progress, and for emphasizing distinctions and assuring their maintenance. This is the reason, the sole one, why Shakespeare's dramatic action always lies within the clearings effected by law within the jungle of primitive appetite. For there, his instinct told him, lie also the central obstacles that beset man's progress on the road of Nature's advance. He never was infected with the timidities and terrors of paradoxical and perverted natures that balk at the familiar and

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normal as primitive minds balk at the new and strange. In an age of moral confusions, of unbridled license in experimentation in every field of human passion, Shakespeare left it to others to explore the mere heresies, the mere revolts, the mere relapses, perversions, of contemporary thought and feeling. He is not troubled to expose their fallacies; he is simply absorbed in the great and lasting human preoccupations. He perceives the institutions and accepted relationships of civilized life in perspective, as the deep channels wrought by Nature herself down the course of the ages, the channels that gather and preserve the various streams, flowing from the great watersheds of experience, of the spiritual intelligence in men, until that day when, in the words of Prospero,

> their understanding
> Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
> Will shortly fill the reasonable shores
> That now lie foul and muddy.

This it is that gives, I believe, such strength and sweetness and rest to what Shakespeare has to tell of the human story. His constructive action in the moral consciousness is never built on subversions. He drives our acquiescences deeper and lifts into a purer ether the summits whither, for ages, men's eyes have turned for inspiration. None, indeed, has castigated more ruthlessly than he the abuses, the unjustified pretensions, of rank and office, of "damned custom" and "brief authority." But through their temporary aspects his vision pierces to the spirit of the laws and sees them as they are,—as all things human are,—Janus-faced, and reads them not by the obscure brute crouching in the night of the past, but by the godlike features of the face turned toward the future and mantled with the rising hues of the dawn. The whole vast fabric of his work flings wider and delves deeper the fundamental human distinction, the distinction between good and evil. He is just toward evil. He deprives it of no moiety of its excuses, but he does not, like so many of his, and our, contemporaries, flatter it. The clearest-eyed of his characters are the least ambiguous in their challenge of evil, whether to define it as intelligences or, as moral agents, to destroy it. The personages of his world to whom is confided the vindication of the moral law, will bend all their energies to understanding evil, in whatever quarter it may

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appear, but this is not to compound with it, but the more absolutely to master it. Then, and not till then, do they forgive it.

III

Shakespeare's Influence, then, means to me not that of a system, nor a scheme of action; not even a point of view. It means nothing else than the Influence of the Great Individual. And in this most catholic of all influences he is also the most English. For the individual has been England's supreme gift to the world of politics, and to the province of political philosophy. It is with a sort of inevitability, it is in accordance with Nature, that English poetical genius should carry forward this gift into its consummation in the world of human personality.

The present hour, more than any that has struck for the race, calls us to heed this central fact in the spiritual leading of Shakespeare: its emphasis on the individual. Now, as never before, civilized man feels

> his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
> And his rapt ship run on her side so low
> That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.

Of that uncharted world on whose brink he now hovers, he knows nothing, save that its possibilities for good and evil are infinite. The fury of the storm he has traversed has torn from him all the "lendings" of his nature, has stripped him of the newest as of the oldest of his creeds: it has set free our love and loyalty and faith to return to their only and last source and object, individual man.

Toward him we are carried, irresistibly, by Shakespeare's Influence. Human life, the very human body, was infinitely beautiful and sacred to him. He considered with anguish its fragility, and spared neither himself nor us what is intolerable, what is unprophetic, in its passing. On man he lavished the inexhaustible store of his tenderness, for in man he saw not only the paragon of animals, but the vessel of imagination, not only the wonder, but the hope, of the world. Upon him he showered all the grace of life, and on his shoulders he laid the load of its responsibilities. To the refining of man's nature he brought all the purity of his passion, and all the power of his intelligence to the understanding of him.

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To understand him, early became the ruling passion of his life. It is the cue that leads him through the maze of his comic and tragic world; it is embodied in all his great creations; their sole conception of possession, whether of men or things, is to understand them.

To understand. The presence of Shakespeare amongst us enjoins this supreme obligation, and points us the way to its discharge. From the beginning his gaze was rivetted, his allegiance fixed, on man, the individual. Always that touch of Nature's on his breast gave him free and patient thoughts, free from the itch of novelty, from the icy rage of fanaticism, from the snare of paradox. From the beginning, and in storm and sun, he trod the path of Nature, and at the end it was before her vast perspective that he stood in prophetic reflection. Thence, we too may perceive the cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples of the new world of the greatly imaginative, if we heed the whisper:

> Spirits are not finely touch'd
> But to fine issues.

F. V. Keys.

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MORNING IN THE ALAMEDA

(San Luis Potosí)

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

Tiptoeing through the Alameda
You would catch the music of mocking-birds in your hands
As it dripped from the trees;
And peering sidelong up, you would see the dome of El Carmen
Rock and sway among the whirling pigeons
Like a moored balloon.
With the locusts and magnolias at the moment of their flowering,
How the purple-blue tiles of the dome would glitter and triumph,
Looking gloriously downward through blown white petals,
As though a peacock should balance himself upon the topmost bough of Spring!
You would move softly that you might think the thoughts of roses,
You would be planning to carry the silence home,
When the flashing Carmen bells would blur the air
With brazen syllables,
And the lettuce-vendor's three green parrots
Would scream as though the Alameda were a jungle.

All this I tell you, *querida,* that you may some day go
To see for yourself.

You would converse with the parrots in Spanish,
And Luisa would sell you a head of fresh romaine;
Luisa who so loved her well-worn joke,
"The Señora is all in white to-day! And her little dog, he is in white, too!"
And you would eat your lettuce, leaf by leaf as the Indians do,
Sitting on the stone bench beside the fountain.
Maybe you would watch a humming-bird lose himself in a banana blossom,
Or help young Pancho count his basketful of snails—
All of last night's adventurous snails collected from the wet rose-trees.
There would pass José or Manuel on the way to market
With a tray of mangoes,
Or Juan the *cargador,* chewing his bit of sugar-cane for breakfast:
Somewhere a voice would call

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Hasta mañana!
And the silence would come flooding back
Under the trees.

All this would be in April, *querida mia,*
In April, of an early morning.
But if Luisa is gone, with her hundred emerald lettuces,
If the companionable parrots are not there,
If the swarming brown soldiers of the revolution have cut down the rose-trees,
And the desert has crept back to lay an obliterating hand on the Alameda,
How much more should be crowded into this poem!
I have not told you of the wet red earth,
The velvet gloom of cypress trees,
The moons of cape-jasmine
Lighting the rich shade!
If you are never to hear the mocking-birds at daybreak
Whistling in the magnolias,
Or see the roses tremble at the violent bells,
All the more need to give you my memories of this old-world garden,
From the peacock dome of Carmen to the least bougainvillea petal!
You shall think of it lovingly and in detail,
You shall remember it in dreams,
As a place of amazing dragon-flies,
And of acrobatic beetles dipped in silver,
Where roses are a state of being,
And butterflies, the beginning of wisdom,
And even the snails know Spanish.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

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VENICE AT WAR

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

WIND in the corn, a tangle of clover under the fruit-trees, fragrance of new-mown hay—yet I am in Venice. Five aeroplanes just now went sailing above me, one of them so close that its rumble was deafening, and the blackbirds stopped their songs and flew away in a cloud darkening the sky. Imperceptibly daylight has changed to moonlight. The dense-roofed aisles of grapevine that stretch through the orchard are deep and cool and silent.

Beyond the orchard and the gardens is the house—an ancient grey and green Giudecca palace over whose portico and tiled wings neglected vines climb at random while fig-trees and oleanders lean against its walls. Weather-beaten statues mount the gateposts, and rose-trees bloom in such richness of color as to merit the proud epithet " Venetian."

In front, the old house faces the city. The windows of the chapel in which the padrona's great-aunt was married frames in a picture of the Salute, its towers piled like masses of cloud above the dark green of its cypress-trees. The placid waters of the broad canal are stirred to turbulence when the boats move in and out.

To-night, everyone says, there will be an air raid. Twenty-four hours ago the Italian fleet bombarded Pola from sea and air and if the weather holds it is time to look for retaliation. Yet to-night is not different from how many other nights that have come and gone and left Venice safe as if by miracle!

For there is never a clear moonlight night that is not tense with expectation and charged with memories. Moonlight in Venice has a new connotation. The war, which has changed the face of nature, has transformed the Venice moon from a standard of popular romance into an evil portent, a thing of terror to the fearful and a challenge to the courage of the strong. " That crescent moon," said a young Venetian

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soldier, " has only one meaning left. It is the symbol of the Turk."

Night after night we have stood on our balcony and looked at Venice lying still and white or delicately colored between the sea and sky. She is fantastic, like her winged lion; unsubstantial, like the reflections in the water into which all of her corporeal existence is absorbed to disappear in shadow.

Yet nowhere along the outer rim of battle are the realities of war more grim and vital than in this city of enchantment. Nowhere have the problems of existence become more primitive. Nowhere do the waves of hope and fear drive more swiftly home.

Night after night as we have hung over the marble railing, losing the fatigue of the day's labor in the loveliness of Venice, we have seen the sky burst into flashes of flame, while the great stone house shook to its foundations and the window-panes rattled in their frames and the thunder of bombs clashed and reverberated through the lagoons. And for days and nights the roaring of the guns was never silenced except now and then by the hoarse grumble of a Caproni. If it was silent on the Piave, the guns thundered from Monte Belluno or the Grappa or the Plateau of Asiago. Or they sounded along the entire line, from where the blue hills seem to drop into the sea, over the roofs and campaniles of the long city to its furthest end where, at every shot, they flashed against the sky and we knew that they were perilously near.

Ever since the Third Army made its stand on the Piave Venice has been the advanced post among the cities of Italy. The concentration in her maritime zone of the marine, the military, and the aviation service determines the character of her defence and gives it an expression as unique as Venice herself. We are wrong to think of her as a hoarded treasure set apart to be guarded for the world. She is a living centre of the enterprise. She is tuned to the pitch of high achievement, as if the blood of the Doges were still active in her veins. And, indeed, she retains in no small degree the independence of her age of glory. The history of Venice is not yet closed.

The Venetian Republic defied both Church and Empire and held back the Orient. To-day Venice is exposed on three sides to the enemy. Her opportunity is three-fold like

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her danger. London has nothing to fear on land nor Paris on the sea. But Venice, ever since Caporetto, has been open to attack by air and sea and land. She has had need of the patience and strong courage that built the city of the lagoons in defiance of all the elements. (For her waters are not always placid. She can be struck by storms as fierce as any that ever battered our New England coast.) And her ancient qualities have not failed her. "We are proud," said a recipient of the city's honors, "we are proud to receive this banner because it comes from Venice, whose courage has been our inspiration, whose high-minded purpose has been our strength."

That Venice, of all cities, should hold this place of responsibility and danger has been a circumstance of no slight importance to its effect not alone upon the world's sympathy but also upon the morale of the Italian army. A people who could be so stirred, so drawn together into unity of action by the words of a poet could not fail to be moved to utmost effort by the peril of the fairest of Italian cities. Venetian painters, it has been noted, placed their scenes of Paradise in Venetian streets. In the young Italians, who have saved her and are saving Italy, the love of beauty is still alive. Their fantasy is energetic; and to them the call of the Venetian guard sounding from the housetops every hour of every night (*All'aria-buona guardia!*) has become a call to their chivalry as imperious as the summons to the Knight at Arms to protect the Queen of the Castle Perilous. "We are the defense of Venice," said the boyish officer of a battery. "It is a god-forsaken, lonely spot where we are, and we long to be in action. But what could one ask for? We are the defense of Venice." And the native pride was in his voice.

But Venice, fragile and exquisite as she looks under the threat of guns, cannot be likened to anything helpless and inert, were it the most beautiful of women. Hear what they say, read the songs and poems they write about her, and you will find that to her defenders she is a fountain of courage. They exalt her because she appeals to their imagination. But still more they exalt her because, standing as she does on the verge of the conflict, she participates with quick sympathy in their actions. Those daring exploits which go far to console the Italian for the necessity of war become a part of her actual life. Every deed of valor is her intimate concern. The little fleet that emboldened its way into the inner harbor

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of Bucari was sure of its reward in her enthusiasm. Young Rizzo became as one of her own when, having slipped out one evening on his armed motor-boat, he encountered the Austrian fleet in open sea, ran in between two dreadnoughts, drove a torpedo into each of them, and returned a hero. The scene of Pellegrini's bravery was close and vivid to the Venetians, as if enacted in their sight. That Venice is wedded to the Adriatic is not all a myth.

D'Annunzio flew over Venice with the *Serenissima* on their way to Vienna where they carried weapons as powerful as bombs. The message which the poet dropped as they returned contains a universal sentiment:

"The *Serenissima,* after having carried the sign of the Lion, forever propitious, into the sky of Vienna, throws down a greeting of love and pride to Venice the Beautiful, who, in all the long flight between wing and wing, was seen smiling, protectress adorable."

We never knew this city of Venice until now. When we came to her as tourists we misjudged her. We saw only a superficial covering that gave no indication of her inner life.

We came to Venice in the old days in search of a city of carnival. We watched her conscious effort to be gay, and we smiled or we pitied, and in either case we moralized upon her decay. She who had taught the world what it means to live grandly; she whose statesmen had been sages and her merchants nobles of high-hearted courage; she who, next to Athens, had made the bravest strokes for human freedom, standing alone against the world; she was reduced to the empty show of her former self. And we turned away from her present life and sought out her treasures of art and repeopled her carved palaces with scenes from Veronese's pageants or the records of Canaletto and Carpaccio.

To-day the visitor who may have gained permission to enter Venice for a day will moralize no less, but his reflections will take another turn. He will comment first of all upon the pathetic changes the war has wrought. He will look for deserted streets and houses and he will find them, and their desolation will be the more complete because so much remains of the old familiar scene. Orange and russet sails still creep toward him as he stands in the Piazzetta, the black gondolas bend their tall prows as gracefully as before. Great hulks of boats come by with pale blue virgins or yellow lions painted on the bow, laden with fruit and vegetables—

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shining tomatoes piled high in pyramids with baskets of figs and peaches and apricots. The domes and turrets of Saint Mark's still pierce the blue and the Sansovino library is untouched. The Campanile rises in its former majesty above him, though the Loggetta is hidden and the golden angel at the apex is covered with white cotton cloth. He will regret the hidden columns and supporting bases of the Doge's Palace, and he will sigh for a sight of the Porta della Carta no less than for the façade of the cathedral. But he will marvel that the dignity of the great square is in no way lessened and the colors of the Palazzo will seem more exquisite than before.

In the Piazza at certain hours the gonfalone of San Marco still waves its gold embroidered lion between the flags of Italy, while the military band plays and the pigeons fly about and bare-headed girls in their black, long-fringed shawls wander as in the old days among the crowd. Only, now it is a crowd of men wearing the insignia of war. Italian officers in their trim grey-green uniforms, their collars tipped with one bright color or another, mix with sailors in their middies and naval officers in their white linen, with Frenchmen in their blue and Englishmen in their khaki. The Bersaglieri are there with their drooping plumes, the tall Alpini with a stiff feather in their hats, the Arditi with their coats cut low and turned back for greater freedom, the Grenadiers whose glory is to have been always at the post of greatest danger and to have been destroyed, re-formed, and destroyed again many times since the war began, and the small red-and-silver collared officers of the Sardinian brigade whose deeds of heroism will go down in history. No soldier is without the five-pointed star on his collar—the symbol of Italy at war—and the stars on his sleeve indicate the rank of the officer. On special days the scarlet coat of the Garibaldian completes the scene of changing color which cannot be dulled by piles of sandbags nor by the crude wood structure that covers the façade of St. Mark's.

But the visitor goes away from the Piazza and passes long rows of houses closed and barred. Streets and embankments are all but deserted. A few old women drag their feet through the silent squares whose very names are a mockery: "Shore of All the Saints," "Field of Saint Mary of the Lily," "Embankment of the Holy Ghost." Along the Grand Canal the hotels have become hospitals; their convalescent

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patients in blue or white pajamas throng the courtyards and hang from the windows of every floor. When the adjoining hospital is crowded they may be seen hanging out over the carved lace balcony of Desdemona's Palace. Heavy barges of soldiers or flat boats of supplies pass slowly by, freight cars towed on barges, or the Red Cross steamer coming from the front. Or an officer's shining brass-trimmed launch will come tearing through the canal making everything else give way, or a hydroplane may dip into the lagoon—a great round-eyed, stiff-tailed fish whose head divides the water into white wings of foam, or the airship brought down last night may be dragged along for all to see. A moment later and the other side of the picture is in view. Long files of women are waiting for the family rations at a free soup kitchen, swarms of ragged children are cutting their feet on the rough pavement or dragging along their *zoccoli,* impatient groups of sorry-looking boys and girls and women are struggling for a turn at a small shop where tiny portions of meat or fish are dealt out to them. Small youngsters are swimming in the dirty canals under the very sign that forbids that exercise.

Unless he resembles the American who "would give all Italy for one story of the Woolworth building," the visitor cannot fail to observe that the palaces were never so beautiful, that art and nature have their way together in perfect harmony. But the price of that beauty is too great, he will say. Venice is too sad. She is a dead city. And perhaps he will add: "After all why should she hope to exist in the modern world except as a relic? Has she not outlived her time?"

Such reflections are nothing better than the shabbiest sentimentality. To prove their falsity one need only enumerate in barest outlines the acts of unspectacular, determined, wise and cautious administration by which the city has met her obligations since the beginning of the war, when her foreign population deserted her, her ports were all but closed, her industries were stifled and her people thrown out of work. The promptness and far-seeing wisdom with which the Commune was re-organized for the emergency, the practical success of the citizens' committee for the care of soldiers' families, the patient carrying out of complicated plans,—these things have been lost sight of since the evacuation of a part of the population has created still graver problems.

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Living in Venice and working with the Venetians one gets below the surface of external change and touches permanent realities, until what seemed a change becomes a revelation. One comes to understand that the hardships of war have brought to light the real character of Venice and removed the false impressions of other days. One sees her leaders, men of high position and women of noble birth, descended it may be from the Doges, working in coöperation with the day-laborer and the stranger, nursing in hospitals, directing *ouvroirs*,—stretching out one hand to support the soldier at the front and the other to care for his family at home. One sees the qualities of perseverance and foresight which made the Greater Venice lead the world in the care of her citizens and their answering loyalty.

In the task of caring for her population since the disaster of Caporetto the American Red Cross has had so large a share that its officers have been brought into close relations with the people for whom and with whom they have worked. To the Venetians the American Red Cross is a strong friend who came at the moment of greatest need to make it possible for them to go on living, to renew their courage, to give them back their schools and their work-shops, to help them provide food and clothing for their people and thus put new life into families whose fathers and sons and brothers are at the front. The gratitude of the Venetians to America is expressed with such courtesy and sincerity that the American recipient finds himself loving Venice like a second fatherland.

Coming from America to Italy, one is touched by the admiration of the Italian for America. "America is always a little the land of our dreams" said a quiet-voiced nun. Whereupon the children in her charge waved their American and Italian flags and shouted lustily, "*Evviva l'America!*"

The work of the American Red Cross has brought into relief a sentiment which if left dormant would have been the wasting of a precious force. Its power in Italy is intensely personal at the same time that it is in the best sense national. At home we have sometimes wondered whether our Red Cross were not over-bureaucratic and lacking something of the personal sympathy which other organizations have emphasized. The gratitude of Italy to the American Red Cross is wholly personal, as its work has been personal and human. The sentiment is expressed in a thousand ways and places, from the darkest house in the narrowest alley to the office

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of the Supreme Command; from the regiment of Arditi who tore the American flag in shreds and wore the ribbons as mascots into battle to the resplendent Admiral and his retinue; from the four-year-old who embroidered the crossed flags and sent them to the Signora of the Red Cross because there was "so much sugar in the milk she sent her" to His Majesty the King who visited the Red Cross home for soldiers' children at the Lido and sent back an expression of his sovereign pleasure in that institution.

Here, it must be remembered, everything has been sacrificed to the war. There are no profiteers as there are no cowards left in Venice. Mothers who have their four sons under arms; young girls who tell you that one brother is a prisoner in Austria, another is wounded and in a hospital, another is on the Grappa and another on the Piave; children by the thousands whose fathers are fighting or are mutilated or "lost"; fathers whose sons have been killed (it may be that one of them is at this moment dying in a hospital); refugees from the invaded territory who have left all they own behind and are separated from their families, soldiers on leave exhausted by long months, their wound-stripes on their arms; sailors who will start out to court death at sunset—one spends the day with these people. Their tragedies are enacted over and over in one's sight. And then one slips away from the office in a gondola, around corners where some bit of architectural beauty, or a glimpse into some garden or pillared courtyard, intrigues the eye; and if one does not weep when the moment of relief comes it is because of the endless mystery and variety of Venice—she who knows storm and calm, can be sad and gay, is both young and old, fantastic and real, she who is at war and is yet at peace.

When the guns were roaring in the great offensive, the concert of chamber music went on as usual in the Marcello Palace. Four soldiers in rough uniforms and heavy boots were the performers while the audience consisted of the dignitaries of the city, the Mayor and council, generals and other high officials, who sat in the front rows of chairs and other people who sat behind or stood up for two hours in the narrow balcony above. Between the Beethoven Serenata and a quartet of Debussy the War Bulletin was read aloud by the Sindic, the most honored man in Venice. When the applause had ceased the music went on serenely to the accompaniment of the cannon, and now and then the call of a

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bargeman in the Canal below or the sudden whir of an airship overhead.

High-spirited are these people. A well-known countess, wife of a Chief Power, explained as she sat among her red brocades that she had just been having the room done over in this new silk damask. She had found enough at Bevilacqua's (strange to say) to cover the table and the window-seats and couches and all the chairs. "I am sick of the way we strip our rooms and carry things away for safety," she said. "I for one will have no more of it. I am having my garden trimmed and making it as grand as possible. I will set my house in order and if the Germans come they shall know I did not expect them."

When the same little woman was told that another countess, one of the idle few who have come back to play poker with a few idle officers, had criticised her because in her high position, she gave no entertainments, had no sense of her social duties, and kept her big house closed, she answered: "Tell her that on the day the war is over I will celebrate the victory with an open house of which even she will approve. I will give a ball at which she will find every luxury however extravagant. But until that day my house is closed to her."

If they are high spirited they can be also painstaking and devoted. Many of them, as the countess said, have emptied their houses and sent away their treasures. But their empty houses have often become workshops where women sit and sew under the Gothic windows making clothes for soldiers and their families. The Opera House, too, is a workshop. On the watery square where gondolas and launches once landed the gay crowd, barges of gray shirts or unbleached muslin knock against one another. There is no splendor of color there. There is only patient, unlovely work.

The Venetians are not a people to bear easily the loss of pleasure and magnificence. They cannot keep at high tension incessantly. And even now they hold a celebration at every possible excuse. Heroes are decorated in the Piazza. The banner of the city is blessed in Saint Mark's and carried solemnly across the square to be bestowed upon Rizzo and his sailors; a platform has been raised out over the water, and the authorities stand there to see the little boats whirl by strewn with oleander blossoms and stirring the water till the gondolas stand on end. The Patriarch summons the

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people into Saint Mark's; a catafalque has been raised between groups of cannon; mass is said behind the railing of the High Altar whose columns bound in burlap resemble the shrubs of a northern garden in their winter wrappings; and the Patriarch comes down to the floor of the Cathedral, under the golden dome, and in the presence of the officers of the army and navy delivers a patriotic address in honor of those killed in battle. The guns captured from the Austrians are exhibited in the Public Gardens. A ceremony has been arranged to welcome them, after which the great, rosy general of the Bersaglieri is kissed by another giant general before the crowd and ceremony and spontaneous enthusiasm unite together to the perfect satisfaction of the Venetian.

"This year," said the daily paper, "the feast of the Redemption did not occur—that great traditional festival when the Church of the Redentore on the Giudecca is the luminous centre about which the people spread like a vast flower of light, when the broad lagoon is a mirror for thousands of lanterns and bridges of boats make a dry highway from shore to shore, and songs rise in the mystic night. This year the moonlight was perfect. There was not a stir in the air. But instead of songs rising from the water the calls of the night watchmen echoed to the clear sky. But another year, when the feast comes round again, songs of victory will ascend and the young generation will be crowned with fresh laurel, and the Temple that was raised in gratitude for liberation from a great plague will resound with thanks for a new liberation, from an enemy who will creep with a snarl into his lair like a beast wounded to death. And then the Redeemer, appearing in a vision, will rise above his white votive temple into the sacred spaces to pronounce a benediction on the heads of heroes."

In such a mood do these people endure their deprivations. For with all their fondness for adventure they are able to endure. This is the bright side of that easy-going laissez-faire which according to tradition is a large ingredient of the air of Venice. Patience is the word that seems to span the Venetian character from good to ill. It comes easily to the lips of every lazy workman and rises with the sigh of every waiting mother. A colonel of the army writes, "To accomplish any good thing, not patience, but abnegation is required." The Venetian knows how to possess his soul in patience. He is showing himself capable of abnegation.

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When D'Annunzio says, " The light of a thousand days of victory is not equal to the light of one day of resistance " or that " never from the birth of Rome to the baptism in the Piave has there been a mightier undertaking than ours," he is speaking the general thought and lending reason to his boast that he is able to call forth the song that is in the multitude and the courage that they breathe. Yet after all his boast is vain. For their songs and their courage find myriad expression elsewhere than through him.

If, however, there is any single figure who represents the temper of the Venetians it is that of the poet-soldier D'Annunzio. A native of the Abruzzi, he claims Venice as the city of his adoption. And Venice accepts him, respecting the present impulse of his genius in haughty indifference to his philosophy of life. There are other poet-soldiers in the war-zone. He is the most conspicuous, the most talented, the most powerful. He is indefatigable, inventive, dominating. He has a symbol for every event and a will for every enterprise. He it was who translated MAS (*Motoscafi Anti Summergibili*)[1] into *Memento Audere Semper*. "Let others maintain," he cries, " that we are fighting for the body's sake. We know that we are fighting for the soul." He satisfies the popular craving for exalted expression and artistic form. And above all he is fearless. He said of Italy: " Out of the ashes of all the idols she has raised up the Deity of her Genius." It might be said with equal fitness of the new D'Annunzio, the patriot and the Venetian.

But there are certain qualities of the Venetian character to which D'Annunzio will never attain. There is, however, a true son of Venice who is at once native-born and typically representative of the spirit he inherits. Giacomo Boni lives in Rome where his work long since called him, in his house on the Palatine Hill, between the garden that he loves and the Roman Forum where he has worked. His fine head is somewhat bent but his great blue eyes glow with enthusiasm and suppressed passion. His body is broken but his mind is clear and his soul invincible. He lives in noble isolation, in proud endurance, and in calm acceptance of the great fact of life, the nearness of death. Beside him is the Greek marble he has recently unearthed, the figure of a young girl, delicately modelled, and as he touches it tenderly he tells you that it was buried under the wreck of a castle of the Frangipani destroyed in a feud with a Teutonic baron. " Thus,"

[1]Motorboats against submarines.

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he adds, " did German barbarism bury in ruins this Pheidian image of divine intelligence."

To maintain that Boni in his isolation on the Palatine is a symbolic figure that may stand for the Venetian spirit may seem to disregard the stirring activities of Venice at war. But, all the world over, the war has but tested and proved eternal qualities. And Boni beside his image of divine intelligence has in him the tenacious power of life which is at the inexhaustible heart of Italy. Venice at war is endowed with the same indestructible power. The spirit of Venice asserts, as of old, that life is glorious and death is noble. She is striving as of old for ideal harmonies. A creative energy supports her,—that lyric force which was her empire's glory, which makes endurable the suffering, the sacrifice and the pain, and in the end will sanctify the victory.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

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NANCY AND HER REFUGEES

BY MARY HUMPHREY

NANCY, this lovely city of Lorraine, very old and royal and beautiful!

Her hilly streets are narrow and short, opening at either end into a beautiful *place,* with a statue or fountain to remind you that some noble duke loved that spot. The knockers on the carved wooden doors, the grills of garden gates, the exquisite design of iron balconies, the elaborate sculpture of the triumphal arches, the grinning gargoyles on the bishop's palace, are here because René II in 1477 and Stanislas in 1750 loved this city, and ever since, people have delighted in it. The thought that it may all be destroyed makes you want to linger, to touch again the quaint little figures in a gate Gringoire must have peered through, to read the inscriptions on the black marble sarcophagi of the royal house of Lorraine, to say a prayer before the tiny shrine on the corner of the rue de Cheval Blanc, so old the weather has stained it rich brown and worn the features of the sainte into empty sweet flatness. For Nancy is not only very old and full of history, beautiful with the best of sixteenth and seventeenth century art. It is one of the best built cities in all France, the pride of Lorraine, the envy of the enemy.

Now the war is coming close to Nancy, just as it came close and closer to our village till we were ordered to leave our hospital. The order has gone forth—the several thousand refugees who have been living in the barracks since the first hours of the war, the frail, the young, the old, all the charges of the city, are to be sent away. This last sacrifice must be made. They must pack a few bundles and march out of the buildings that have stood for home, to go in the bitter cold and fog wherever the paternal government shall decide. And the préfet, M. Mirman, one of the great souls of France, is determined that they shall keep the spirit of

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Lorraine, that they shall carry with them the lares and penates of her shrine.

There is something very impressive and glorious about the spirit of Nancy's children—no word of complaint, no outbursts, just submission. It makes you feel how young America is in the discipline of war. How our people would rebel and call public meetings of protest against the mayor's decision! Not so these loyal citizens. If France can be saved only by sacrificing this lovely Lorraine, then like a beautiful martyr they offer her, all they have. These few days have taught me the holy nature of the war, that love of country means more than family, than individual, than life itself. When a people rise up and offer what the people hold dearest, the home, it makes life take on a new meaning.

Our unit had offered to help at the prefecture, and my work was making out the cards after the permits to leave the city had been issued. The head of the family is listed first, sometimes it is only a fifteen-year-old boy, and his address in Nancy, or in one of the outlying towns whose people have been moving rapidly because of the imminent danger. Then come the names of the wife and all the children, often an old grandparent, more often still some little orphan, a refugee from the first days of the war. Lastly the destination: all France has offered hospitality—tiny villages so small I must write via town after town, the Pyrenees, the coast cities, hamlets high in the Vosges, fair Normandy, bleak Brittany, farms and great centres of trade like Lyons and Bordeaux. The cards are directed some to parents, to sons, to friends, to holy institutions, others just address the prefecture. The system of this paternal democracy, with its records of every citizen, stands in good stead now when you wonder what is to prevent whole families from being lost in oblivion.

Each day in the office many, many more people are in line waiting for their papers—merchants and humble peasant folk, like a movie film of the passing of a city. We notice a great change in the streets. Windows are tight sealed, with heavy iron shutters. We pass slow-moving carts heaped high with all the household goods that stand for comfortable homes; or a small handcart pulled by an old man, with the wife pushing behind, doggedly keeping her eyes on the ground. The tears that fall so silently from weary old eyes tell more than words of what this really means. Women

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give up husband and son and suffer heroically, but after all in the glory and the loss they have something left, for the dead of French women today are like jewels in a crown. But to give up home, the background of the picture of life, is not that the supreme sacrifice of all?

Every one is helping in the evacuation—the camions of the French army, the British, the Canadians, and our Red Cross. People are leaving at the rate of two thousand a day. All over town are great posters saying that trains A, B, C will leave at certain hours. We go to the station to watch the departure of groups of refugees, the humble, the sad flotsam and jetsam washed in here by the cruel waves of war, the precious children of M. Mirman. They come from the same tiny village where their fathers lived and died; they share the same memories of bombardment, loss and exile; for three years they have been sorry pensioners of Nancy, and now if they must leave Lorraine they want to go with their own.

It makes you think of the children of Israel. Oh, I wish I were Rembrandt's spirit reincarnate, for only his hand can paint the faces of the gentle aged folk. I wish I were Hugo, for only he can make you know these heroic Spartan souls. And I would be Balzac, to give you the *comédie humaine* that we are witnessing.

The camions from the barracks are unloading. Great strong-armed poilus lift out the children. Mothers deposit sleeping infants in the arms of these blue-eyed friends. Then they climb down, laughing, setting their fantastic hats aright, clutching the kiddies who stare at us and the great crowd. Energetic old grandmothers hunch themselves and shake out their full skirts, for all the world like chickens after a shower.

Every person has a kitbag made of brand new gunny sacking tightly sewed. They wear them on the hip or back, slung by straps. And those rich enough have a linen carry-all embroidered in cherries or flowers. Nearly every one clutches a large umbrella by its loose middle, heads of families often have three or four. Here and there is a thoughtful person with a great loaf of bread and bottle of wine.

At last the signal is given. With much chattering and excitement they begin to file through the gates. The Government is paying all expenses, so they have only one form of permission—the ones we have been working on. I look about for some whose names are so familiar, wondering if this big

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family may not be one I have recorded. That soapy, little, round-cheeked René, perhaps, went only this morning into the *place* to say goodbye to René, duc de Lorraine, roi de Jerusalem, Aragon et Sicile. How proudly his plumes fly as he holds aloft his spear and his fiery steed stands at attention! René has doubtless played at his feet all his short life and now is leaving him, to who knows what fate? And this may be my Jeanne, did she stop to say *au revoir* to Jeanne d'Arc on her horse in the little square where she so zealously lights anew the spirit of France in the hearts of all who pass?

We move about among the people. Here is a family greeting their neighbors, kisses on both cheeks for every member of the party. Do you think they are sad? No, it is those left behind who wipe their eyes. The departing ones are full of merriment and fun, chattering like magpies and hurrying after the crowd as though they feared to be lost. The French are not great travelers, you know, and this is a great experience, a real setting forth to see the world.

A motor draws up and the préfet gets out, the silver embroidery on his cap sparkling in the sun. He has a white beard and bright eyes, and wears a cape that falls nearly to his knees. His daughters follow with great gallon cans of coffee. He is always on hand to serve his poor people; anything but the sort of autocrat who sits in an office and signs documents, he and his family never stop their personal service.

Hovering around are angelic sisters in long full skirts and tight little bodices with shoulder yokes that give them a Hans Memling look. In that crowd their white-lined headdresses are not more startling than their bloodless faces from which dark eyes look out rather hopelessly. We offer to help and are graciously welcomed, the magic words, "*Croix rouge americaine,*" are passports enough.

A line of camions drives up slowly—the Old Ladies' Home, in exile. Oh, if I could only make you see it! And don't think it is too bitter, too heartbreaking. For the heroism, the noble spirit in which Nancy's children are going lifts the whole episode on to a plane above pity or regret. And so much humor is manifest, I laugh to myself while I struggle to keep back the tears. For here is all the frailty of my poor weak sex, the little vanities, the niceties of class distinction, the selfishness, the complainings of put-upon individuals, the sly surreptitious greediness of some, and the

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angelic sweetness, the patience, the long-suffering, self-abnegation and gratitude of humble hearts. It has lifted me up out of all fear and self-thought for months to come.

They are very old, these French bourgeoisie, at sixty-five or seventy, far older than our own dear people. Their shoulders are bowed, their backs doubled over, their gnarled hands like little claws. Oh, the hundreds of bright eyes, dim eyes, blind eyes and dull! The faces brown as berries, the crackly skins like old parchment, the hard red cheeks like granite, chiseled into a million wrinkles by the half century's passage!

They cackle and laugh at each other. Every little old lady reaches first for her bonnet, such little bonnets of such rusty black they positively gritted. Some have the exclusive smell of whilom aristocracy, with two thin ostrich tips askew, others have ornaments of beads or flowers of knitted wool. Nearly every woman wears a cape of faded black velvet or heavy cloth, as the previous state might warrant. The velvet capes herd together at first; later, all this caste is laid aside.

A chair is handed up for a crumpling little brown doll of a woman. The poilus lift her out and set her up on her feet with a little jerk. The jar evidently started her works, her eyes fly open, her little head turns from side to side and her hands begin to flutter. I catch her eye—such a winsome smile, such a saucy wry mouth as she makes! "Oh, la la, la la!" she laughs as I take hold of her arm. "*Mon dieu, mon dieu!*" she clings to me as I reach for her heavy gunny sack and great umbrella.

A fine official marches up and down. The old ladies look at him in awe.

"St. Julien, St. Julien," he calls.

A tremor runs down the line. They all say "La, la!" when the crowd sways forward or back. Steadily, slowly, painfully, we march through the gates. You recall what formalities usually have to be endured to achieve the triumph of being on a train platform in France? We do it en masse. There is the long row of cars that is to carry us so far across this fair France.

Third-class compartments swing open their doors to us. But what a step up even for young and immodest legs, and for these, how can it be done? St. Julien is separated from another institution. Greedy old men are shooed off from this feminine train. We begin stowing them away. Those

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whose legs are spry and hands nimble crowd in ahead. Grudgingly they remove their kitbags from the seats to make way for the less fortunate. All our efforts to dislodge one woman from her chosen place near the door are unavailing and we have to tuck a feeble little octogenarian into the far corner by the window. My first love I have boosted to the step and put into a comfortable place. She blesses me and calls me "*ma belle*". I wish I could adopt her, the cheery merry soul that laughs up out of such faded eyes, in the midst of this calamity.

We are very busy. One of us guides a trembling foot, another stands inside the car to pull, while "*la grande soeur*", as the nuns call our strongest nurse, puts her shoulder under them and hoists them up, fairly catapulting them into place. As soon as they are settled they begin to munch thick black bread. We dodge egg shells as we hurry to the car ahead. The feasting has started!

One fussy, round, little budget of a woman I stop as she is trotting along so independently and take from her grudging hands the inevitable impedimenta. She discriminates for some minutes till she finds a compartment where she likes the company. At last she is satisfied. I put her luggage in and turn to boost her. She begins fumbling in her skirts. Up goes the black woolen one. There is a gray flannel with two large pockets on the hips. She searches carefully through each. Up goes the gray and there is a dark blue flannel petticoat. Two pockets there do not reveal what she is after. Up goes the blue. A red and black check of heavy flannel. Two more pockets. Then the restoration of order. Finally she clucks. I put forth my best efforts. As I slide her into the car she catches my hand and my fingers close over something —two copper sous—I am tipped at last!

Now all our lively, chipper ones are in and here comes the long line of bed cases. Soldiers carry them on stretchers. They are dressed for the long journey in scarves and bonnets, with shawls and robes about them. They are smiling and excited over the novelty. Many perhaps never hoped to leave their beds and here they are going a-traveling, and none the worse for it. First-class cars for these, where they are stretched full length to be as comfortable as thought can make them.

From all the group one stands out, an alabaster face under white, white hair, with faded blue eyes and a smile

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flitting about the mouth, her hands folded, never moving. She is dressed in soft lavender and covered with a snowy blanket. We all go to her compartment, for it is like a shrine the moment she is placed there. I touch her hands and peace seems to flow from her. She smiles up at me and suddenly I feel all the beauty and strength of spirit that time and war can never down, shining out through that frail, alabaster lamp of a broken body.

We are too occupied to notice that M. Mirman has come to our train. I turn from a shriveled little invalid to find him near me. He shakes hands with a look on his face I shall not soon forget. I watch him carrying in his arms a bed-ridden woman like a child—his child she truly is—and tenderly placing her on the long seat of the car.

Such a wonderful opportunity as we have had to share in this work, when Nancy sends away her children, a work that is the greater because it comes suddenly and out of a terrible need! Any former casual Paris impression of a people weak or frivolous has been swept away by these patient, brave-hearted folk, whose one ideal of France is so all-possessing. Their love for her is like a white flame that is burning itself to ashes, coupled with an undying devotion to all that this war is trying to right, the only things worth struggling for. There is so much that is finer and higher than our belongings—my little old lady taught me that. Nancy's sending away her children has given me an unshakable faith in the right, if only we will wait.

MARY HUMPHREY.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND PROF. PERRY [1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"I HAVE sometimes imagined Poe," says Prof. Bliss Perry, "with four other men and one woman, seated at a dinner-table laid for six, and talking of their art and of themselves. What would the others think of Poe? I fancy that Thackeray would chat with him courteously, but would not greatly care for him. George Eliot, woman-like, would pity him. Hawthorne would watch him with those inscrutable eyes and understand him better than the rest. But Stevenson would be immensely interested; he would begin an essay on Poe before he went to sleep. And Mr. Kipling would look sharply at him: he has seen that man before, in *The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows*. All of them would find in him something to praise, a great deal to marvel at, and perhaps not much to love. And the sensitive, shabby, lonely Poe—what would he think of them? He might not care much for the other guests, but I think he would say to himself with a thrill of pride: 'I belong at this table.' And he does."

Dramatized literary encounters of this kind are indubitably fascinating; but are they not illusory as critical touchstones? They recall the shrewd juvenile's comment on an anti-suffragist oration: "Yes, it was great; but she didn't seem to get somewhere." Prof. Perry doesn't seem to get somewhere. With that happily disposed scene he seeks to drive home his estimate of Poe. But does it really help us in understanding Poe to perceive that Thackeray would not greatly care for him? Tolstoi would not greatly care for him, either; nor, probably, would Louisa M. Alcott; and it is altogether likely that he would bore Mr. George Moore to tears (though we recall no pronouncement of his

[1] *The American Spirit in Literature*, by Bliss Perry. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1918.

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on the subject in his recent disquisition on English narrative prose). But does it matter in the least? The late Claude Debussy, a subtle and profound creator of musical loveliness, could find nothing better to say of the mighty Bach than that he was "naif and worthy"; and *Parsifal* for him was merely "pretty". William Dean Howells is cold to Meredith. H. G. Wells has spoken seriously of Scott. It is hard to imagine Henry James displaying irritation; but would he have been happy in the company of that penetrative social historian, Mr. George Ade?

It would be absurd, of course, to take too seriously Prof. Perry's imaginary dinner party; but we cannot help feeling that a certain inclination toward facile summarization, toward a too complacent critical habit, is demonstrated in his little rearrangement of history. If it were clear that he posed the fanciful encounter for his own and his readers' gaiety, or for certain reflected lights that it might throw, one would smile sympathetically and pass on. But Prof. Perry is too obviously moved by the confrontations he evokes to leave one quite easy in one's own mind about the validity of his sense of humor and his critical responsibility. The thing is too patly corroborative of the suspicions that cloud one's association with Prof. Perry's adventures among American authors when one finds him wishing that the palaces reared by Poe's magic ring "were not in such a sombre land"; when one finds him wishing that Poe's imagination could have compassed the sight of "man going forth to his toil and returning to his hearthstone, the America that laughs as it labors." It is disheartening to find a critic who has been entrusted with such a task as that of defining and estimating the achievements of a national literature indulging in stupid relaxations of that sort. Apparently our American criticism has not yet wholly outgrown the immaturities that have so long constrained and vitiated it. To charge up demerits against Poe because he was unable to perceive the normalities of proletarian America, or because the haunted palaces of his dark and burdened dreams were not sunny suburban bungalows, is a depressing instance of the kind of abysmal fatuity that, one supposed, even American criticism had passed beyond. Apparently this is not so; and we must still expect to find some of our critical appraisers reprehending writers and painters and musicians for the lack of qualities wholly antithetical to their special type of genius—for failing

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to wear the buskin when Nature intended them for fairy rounds; for failing to declaim blank verse when Nature meant them for idyllic flutings; blaming eagles for not being larks, and nightingales for not being lions. Prof. Perry might as well chide Herrick for lacking tragic passion, or Swinburne for lacking marmoreal coolness, as to lament the macabre sombreness of Poe. It is incredible that Prof. Perry should seemingly fail to recognize (he has certainly given no sign to the contrary) that Poe is precious to us just because his palaces *are* " reared in a sombre land "; just because " infernal lights " *do* gleam in their windows, and because the winds that blow among their towers are burdened with horror, and their corridors reek of death. Who in heaven's name (except Prof. Perry) would have Poe " normal " and " wholesome " and a Pillar of Society in the poetic commonwealth?

It is preposterous that one should have to state solemnly such elementary critical truisms; yet apparently there is no end or limit to the bland fatuousness of academic American criticism at its worst.

Prof. Perry was entrusted with a delicate and unusually responsible undertaking. His task was to record and appraise the achievements of American men of letters, as part of the admirable and ambitious scheme of the Yale University Press for a series of historical narratives to be issued in fifty volumes under the general title of " The Chronicles of America ", edited by the Larned Professor of American History at Yale, Allen Johnson, and supervised by the University Council's Committee on Publications. The conception of this work, which has been in preparation for some years under the direction of Prof. Johnson, is unexampled in our historical literature. The intention is to present the entire history of America's growth in the form of a series of short narratives, each having a unity of its own, but all articulated, and so related that the reader, it has been hoped, " will be given a real vision of the development of this country from the beginning to the present day." The intent of the editor and publishers has been, they tell us, " to make the traditions of our nation more real and vivid to those of our citizens who are not in the habit of reading history." Ten volumes of the projected fifty have already been issued: *Elizabethan Sea Dogs,* " a Chronicle of Drake and his Companions," by William Wood; *Crusaders of New France,*

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"a Chronicle of the Fleur-de-lis in the Wilderness," by William Bennett Munro; *Pioneers of the Old South,* "a Chronicle of English Colonial Beginnings," by Mary Johnston; *The Conquest of New France,* "a Chronicle of the Colonial Wars," by George M. Wrong; *The Eve of the Revolution,* "a Chronicle of the Breach with England," by Carl Becker; *Washington and his Colleagues,* "a Chronicle of the Rise and Fall of Federalism," by Henry Jones Ford; *The Forty-Niners,* "a Chronicle of the California Trail and El Dorado," by Steward Edward White; *The Passing of the Frontier,* "a Chronicle of the Old West," by Emerson Hough; *Abraham Lincoln and the Union,* "a Chronicle of the Embattled North," by Nathaniel W. Stephenson; and, finally, Professor Perry's *The American Spirit in Literature,* "a Chronicle of Great Interpreters." The remaining two-score volumes are to traverse a comprehensive plan, from Ellsworth Huntington's record of aboriginal America, *The Red Man's Continent,* through the winning of Independence, the vision of the West, and the storm of secession, to the "noontide of America," which will include, among other accounts, Samuel P. Orth's *The Armies of Labor,* John Moody's *The Masters of Capital,* Harold Howland's *Theodore Roosevelt and his Times,* and *Woodrow Wilson and the Great War* (the authorship of which, we are shyly told, is "to be arranged").

The plan is spacious and dignified, if not thorough—apparently, so far as one can judge from the detailed prospectus, "the entire history of our country" need take account of only one of the arts, literature; the achievements of American painting, American sculpture, American music, do not appear to exist for the projectors of "The Chronicles of America." This will leave in the minds of future students of the growth of American civilization the impression that Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Richard Watson Gilder and Edmund Clarence Stedman—who are respectfully discussed by Prof. Perry—are more consequential figures in the spiritual history of our national life than Sargent and George Inness and Winslow Homer, St. Gaudens and Stephen Foster and MacDowell. If the omission was intentional, it is inexplicable; if it was a careless oversight, arising from the familiar indifference of educators and men of letters to any of the arts but literature, it is inexcusable.

In view of the fact that *The American Spirit in Litera-*

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ture is the only one of the fifty volumes which concerns itself with the aesthetic side of the nation's history, it will be realized that Prof. Perry's responsibility was a grave one. He has himself, in a measure, recognized this fact. "The fundamental problem of our literature, as this book has attempted to trace it," he says, "has been to obtain from a mixed population dwelling in sections as widely separated as the peoples of Northern and Southern Europe, an integral intellectual and spiritual activity which could express, in obedience to the laws of beauty and truth, the emotions stimulated by our national life." That is truly and admirably said; and, so far as skill and scholarship are concerned, Prof. Perry succeeds in providing a valuable framework for an interpretation of the expressions of that activity which he has sought to study. His criticism is gentlemanly and accomplished. But scholarship and skill and literary breeding were not enough. The broadest sympathy was requisite, flexibility and sensitive understanding were requisite, and a complete freedom from inhibitions. These qualities Prof. Perry does not command. He is bland and incurious when he should be searching and eager and alert; he is complacent toward the established, when he should be inquisitorial and challenging.

He is superficial and patronizing toward the Transcendentalists. There is no evidence that he is aware of the richness and brilliancy of Thoreau's genius. He seems to have thought it worth while to tell us that Whitman "is not a fireside poet." Concerning Longfellow, he comes to the remarkable conclusion that "the confession of a lack of regard for his verse must often be recognized as a confession of a lessening love for what is simple, graceful, and refined"—if your taste runs against Longfellow, he warns his reader by implication, take care lest you set yourself down as a "consciously clever, half-trained person." But Longfellow "has his tranquil place in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey"; and that seems to settle the authenticity of his genius for Prof. Perry. Well, Abraham Cowley is there, too.

Bemoaning the fact that contemporary readers are cold to Hawthorne, Prof. Perry essays to describe the "wholly different kind of style" which "our public" has learned to enjoy. This style, "taught by the daily journals," is "a nervous, graphic, sensational, physical style, fit for describ-

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ing an automobile, a department store, a steamship, a lynching party"; this is "the style of our day"—the style, shall one say, of Mr. Galsworthy, Edith Wharton, George Moore? What does Prof. Perry mean by "our public"? The public of Mrs. Wharton and Conrad and Frank Swinnerton? The public of Mr. Robert Chambers? The public of Harold Bell Wright? How can Prof. Perry permit himself to indulge in such shallow and reckless and unqualified generalizations in a serious piece of interpretive criticism? What, moreover, is one to think of a presumably scrupulous study of the American spirit in literature which apologizes for not discussing the contributions of Madison Cawein and Edward Rowland Sill, and ignores, with no apology whatever, such salient embodiments of that spirit as Frank Norris, Ambrose Bierce, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Theodore Dreiser; which pays tribute to Miss Agnes Repplier and has not a word to say about William James; in which Joaquin Miller is celebrated to the extent of three-quarters of a page, and the author of that poignant delineation of New England souls, *Ethan Frome,* can find no place; in which Rose Terry Cooke is saluted, but not Stephen Crane; in which the verse of Richard Watson Gilder is exhibited as revealing "an opaline intensity of fire," while the amazing poetic renaissance of the last few years is dismissed with a non-committal paragraph, and the profoundly significant *Spoon River Anthology* of Mr. Masters is disposed of in precisely seven words?

It is not pleasant to say these things; but the fact is glaring and inescapable that *The American Spirit in Literature* is a singularly inadequate performance. It is infinitely regrettable that this kind of critical thinking must stand as the single representative of aesthetic interpretation in so important and promising an undertaking as *The Chronicles of America.*

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS, an Autobiography. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1918.

A book deep enough and strong enough to be a Bible to some natures—like Amiel's *Journal* or the *Confessions* of Rousseau—a book that ruthlessly tears away veils and banishes sentiments, yet remains as human as the *Essays* of Montaigne; a book that is as rigidly logical as the *Summa Theologiae* of Thomas Aquinas and as suavely modern as William James's *Pragmatism;* a book, finally, that brings to the discussion of Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century experiences the intense and practical reasonableness of the Eighteenth, without its dogmatism—Henry Adams's autobiography in a measure defies analysis and frustrates criticism.

Just what did Adams intend by this narrative which, as the story of an *education,* is so far from being, like the autobiography of John Stuart Mill, mainly a book to be recommended for collateral reading in a course in pedagogy, and which is so very much more comprehensive than most autobiographies, that are *not* stories of education? It is by no means easy to tell. Where Henry Cabot Lodge (in his foreword) has chiefly quoted, one may perhaps be content to quote:

"Any schoolboy could see," wrote the author, "that man as a force must be measured by motion from a fixed point. Psychology helped there by suggesting a unit—the point of history when man held the highest idea of himself as a unit in a unified universe. Eight or ten years of study had led Adams to think that he might use the century 1150-1250, expressed in Amiens Cathedral and the Works of Thomas Aquinas, as the unit from which he might measure motion down to his own time, without assuming anything as true or untrue, except relation. The movement might be studied at once in philosophy and mechanics. Setting himself to the task, he began a volume which he mentally knew as 'Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres: a Study of Thirteenth-Century Unity?' From that point he proposed to fix a position for himself, which he could label: 'The Education of Henry Adams: a Study of Twentieth Century Multiplicity.' With the help of these two points of relation, he hoped to project his lines forward and backward indefinitely, subject to correction from any one who should know better."

The narrative which leads up to this explanation (at the end of Chapter XXIX) is for the most part a thoroughgoing, disillusioned criticism of life from an ego-centric position. It is, in brief, the story of an education that did not educate.

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The childhood of Henry Adams was spent, needless to say, amid the most intense of New England influences. "New England society was still directed by the professions. Lawyers, physicians, professors, merchants were classes, and acted not as individuals, but as though they were clergymen and each profession were a church." In political ideas New England seemed not to have advanced far beyond Cicero's conception of the Roman republic. Its ideal government was the thing that Caesar found futile, the rule of the Optimates. The Paris of the Louis Philippe, the London of Robert Peel, Macaulay and John Stuart Mill, were not essentially different. They could not have taught an inquiring mind anything of value about the time to come. Even from the upheavals of 1848, the world, with the exception of Karl Marx, had learned little. No one really knew what would be the effect upon mankind of epochal inventions and enormous economic expansion. Men clung to such ideas as they had. It was the Eighteenth Century that presided over the early education of Henry Adams. There was little hint of anything beyond—no real guidance for the future. "All experience since the creation of man, all divine revelation or human science, conspired to deceive and betray a twelve-year-old boy who took for granted that his ideas which were alone respectable would alone be respected."

The bitterness of this arraignment is pervasive. The same feeling lends piquancy and pungency to the whole narrative, whether as criticism of New England or as criticism of the universe.

The people who surrounded and acted upon Henry Adams were all of a type. "What no one knew was whether the individual who thought himself a representative of this type was fit to deal with life." The fortunate youth who was the grandson of one President and the great-grandson of another, who knew as friends of the family men such as Sumner, Dana, and Palfrey, was no more educated for the year 1900 than he would have been if he had been born in the year 1.

This, then, is the starting point—a bitter criticism of New England ideas as the basis of an education, from one in whose veins flowed the blood of Heaven knows how many predestinate founders of New England civilization. Henry Adams could no more be simply a New England statesman or a New England author than Emerson could remain a clergyman. The inherited New England impulse was itself too strong to permit of such a result. And the Nineteenth Century was fast leaving behind traditional ways of life and of thought.

To an intellectual creature like Henry Adams, the progress—or perhaps one had better say simply the drift—of American life between 1850 and 1914, was bound to be painfully disturbing. This period, as those who lived through it testify, was one in which a finely organized nature might well take harm. Without undue optimism, one may say that the moral atmosphere of the time—except insofar as it was illumined by the heroism of the civil war—was murkier than that of to-day. A kind of unscrupulousness was more or less taken for granted in politics. A nice little boy had not half the chance that he has nowadays. He would be rather lucky if he did not get smirched or discouraged; few were as lucky as Adams. And his wiser elders might experience almost as serious a difficulty

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in finding themselves. New ideas, new inventions, new fortunes were coming fast.

Under these conditions the New England conscience tended to become the New England "bad conscience,"—an effect often traceable in the memoirs of the period.

What is bad conscience? Tolstoi and Nietzsche suffered from it, and the term seems to describe a frame of mind that was rather prevalent among us before we all found a cause big enough to fight for, or work for, or buy liberty bonds for, with all our hearts. Even when the disease attacks men of genius it is not always easy to distinguish it by its mental symptoms from seasickness or from what Shakespeare called green-sickness. Only a serene and saintlike intuition, it would seem, can draw the line with absolute certitude between one's sense of having done wrong and one's disgust with the universe for not telling one in so many words what is right. That Henry Adams lacked in any derogatory sense the necessary power of discrimination, one would not like to imply; for the power that suffices for an ordinary man is not enough for a genius, whose "bad-conscience" is a divine discontent.

In 1854 Henry Adams had everything before him—everything to learn. College, travel, the great world, science, philosophy, human nature—these were to startle him, to smite him between the eyes, to compel him to attempt readjustments, in short to educate him if they could. New impressions, new interests, were received, analyzed, rejected. Railroads satisfied no more than did current philosophy, and, at past fifty, Adams, turning his attention from one form of transportation to another, "solemnly and painfully learned to ride the bicycle."

Harvard college did not educate Adams. Evidently the curriculum was ill adapted for the education of a genius, even supposing it to have been suited to the needs of an ordinary man. Nor were the social surroundings highly educative. The men in college were mostly of the same New England type as was Adams himself. Indeed, characteristically, they made Adams their class orator, just because he represented them in the very qualities in which they were all singularly alike. Adams, at that period, would appear to have typified his fellow-students in their curious reserve, their curious individuality, their curious sameness. The few Southerners in college seemed to offer a variety, but they were really avatars of the same spirit. The grandson of Light Horse Harry Lee had, to be sure, the habit of command; but there was nothing back of this except the same kind of vague personality which all the others felt to be at the centre of their beings; and the leadership soon lapsed. Most decidedly Harvard could not educate Henry Adams either scholastically or socially.

The failure of Berlin, in both respects, was just as dismal. The lecture system, which Adams as a student of civil law found in full working order in Berlin, was that of the Thirteenth Century at its worst. The high school whither Adams, in despair, betook himself to learn the German language, was in its own way still more surprisingly abominable. Nor did the pursuit of truth through the study of human nature prove more satisfying at a time when Germans were beginning to be ashamed of, and to hide away, those qualities which

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Adams had been taught to idealize in them. If to become a critic is to become educated, then Germany helped to educate Adams; but it did not fit him for life.

After Germany, Rome, Paris, Washington—and always the study of human life. Always, too, the same failure to acquire education. Garibaldi was simply an enigma. "Precisely this class of mind was to be the toughest problem of Adams's practical life, but he could never make anything of it. The lesson of Garibaldi, as education, seemed to teach the extreme complexity of extreme simplicity; but one could have learned this from a glow-worm." The same problem reappeared in a more arresting form in Grant. "Grant fretted and irritated him, like the *Terebratula,* as a defiance of first principles. He had no right to exist. He should have been extinct for ages. The idea that, as society grew older, it grew one-sided, upset evolution and made of education a fraud. That, two thousand years after Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar, a man like Grant should be called—and should actually and truly be—the highest product of the most advanced evolution, made evolution ludicrous."

Evolution, indeed, had wholly failed to educate Adams. It had failed geologically speaking, historically speaking, and humanly speaking. The case seemed hopeless.

Adams however, did not give up. His quest merely became more philosophical. It became indeed quite frankly a search for a philosophy of human life instead of an effort to fit himself for living.

The result is interesting; but before attempting to describe the final phase, one cannot help pausing to note the rich variety of comment, the critical insight, that mark every page of Adams's autobiography as the work of an educated man—in other words, of a sage. One would like, at least, to record one's appreciation of the matchless characterization of Seward; of the wonderful description of Swinburne and of Swinburne's effect upon a group of ordinary mortals; and above all, of the acute analysis of the negotiations between Charles Francis Adams and the English Ministry at the critical period of the Civil War—an analysis which attains a startling significance when viewed as part of a young man's education. Would Socrates, one asks, have dared to remind the author of this book that the beginning of all knowledge is to know that one knows nothing? Or would Montaigne have been able to preserve his *aplomb* before those fresh revelations of "the imbecility of the human mind" which Adams produces?

To any one else the experiences which Adams underwent and the abilities he acquired might well have seemed the evidence, the rich reward, and the end of education. Adams saw them all, projected, as it were, upon a flat surface, as *parts* of his education. In this singular power of abstraction he reminds one of Emerson and of Carlyle. He has, too, the vigor, the god-like attitude of criticism that belonged to the latter, and something of that power of placing incongruous things in pleasing juxtaposition in which the former so excelled. But he resembles most of all a modern who outdid all his contemporaries in rejecting conventional categories and in seeing all things, from the state of a nation to the lift of an eyebrow, indifferently as the experiences of one man—Henry James.

The common man is no more capable of grappling successfully

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with the problem of education—his own or another's—than he is of solving any of those questions of the ages into which the problem of education leads. The common man is vaguely aware that the universe requires him to educate himself, and that neither the universe nor society has marked out for him an intelligible curriculum. That which is, in the genius, a kind of madness is in him merely a spur toward intelligent adaptation—a spur that causes him none too much discomfort and sometimes scarcely seems to make him mend his evolutionary pace. Thus, there are many rascals and useless members of society with quite good consciences. In practice, we all simply make the best of a situation that we imperfectly understand, and, whether we are rascals or reformers, a good deal depends upon what "making the best" is able, by grace of evolution, to mean to us. The common man, who is neither rascal nor reformer, makes the immediate, the obvious choice; he adapts himself to circumstances, and, whether he tends bar or serves as a college president, he generally obeys the injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it with all thy heart." In his obedience, there is a certain instinctive faith—a faith in the rationality of the universe, in something that gives measure and direction; so that the decision of a good, honest fool may be, actually and at last, as intelligent as the decision of a bee or of a philosopher.

This blind, practical faith, this stupid complacency, the man of genius lacks. Where the common man doubts for an hour, he doubts to his dying breath. He does not know, what the common man knows by instinct, that his powers are limited: he spends his life finding it out, takes it as his education, and announces it as his grand conclusion. He can live only by making the problem of the universe his own aching, personal problem: if he does not, if he takes the matter professionally, he becomes the dullest of mankind—the uninspired, the purely professional philosopher. *Ergo* the man of genius is by nature an egoist. How can he help it? If he could live to be a thousand years old, doubtless he, too, would reach his complacent compromise; and it is a thousand pities—Swift to the contrary notwithstanding—that he cannot. While he lives he keeps open the egoistic wound in his mentality which, closing, would shut out a ray of light.

Through Henry Adams's brain a beam of light undoubtedly found its way illumining many things to a startling whiteness. It was not the subdued, colored, and sometimes dimly religious light that poets transmit, but a flashing brilliance that dazzles and hurts.

His final point of view is not altogether easy to understand—for a schoolboy or a philosopher. In one aspect it is a restatement—perhaps an anticipation—of that dynamic conception of evolution which, beginning with elements, seeks to understand the whole process as an interplay of forces. In another it is a fearfully and wonderfully abstract conception of life and of history. Man, according to this view, simply absorbs and complicates forces. The forces are all alike. Just as Adams in his education received all experiences on a parity as regards educative value, so man receives all forces, physical, economic, moral, religious, without distinction, and elaborates them into a process of growing complexity. The complexity increases in a sort of geometrical ratio, according to a fixed law of acceleration. There

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is no force that controls other forces; there is nothing that gives measure or appoints a destination. The forces simply interact, and the destination is just everywhere at once, or nowhere. Not being able to discriminate forces, by their nature or by their behavior, as material or spiritual, as controlling or controlled, Adams simply abstracts from them all. He produces a conception of life that is not so much physical and materialistic as mathematical, and hence avowedly relative.

There is always the danger, of course, that a mathematical conception may prove to be the most unreal thing in the universe. Can we safely abandon our minds to pure relativity—without even building a Positivist iron fence around our little acre of dead truths?

Just at present the intuition of the common man—not the creed of the common man, nor the vision of the uncommon man—appears to be busily engaged in setting a bound to mathematical complexity, in giving measure to evolution, in establishing a fundamental law based not on a theory of government but upon public opinion as something deep, much overlaid indeed by the shifting sands of thought, but finally solid. Men have died in unprecedented numbers for the simplest faith that ever men fought for. Catholic, Protestant, Socialist, free-thinker, poet, man of affairs, have all found that their agreement on the need of resistance to evil makes them kin. They have asserted that there is a *constant* in evolution; they have affirmed their belief in a God of Measure as against the German God of a measureless and confused expansion in which morality and immorality, spirit and matter spread outward in indistinguishable combustion with the force of a solar explosion.

By a kind of irony, just at this greatest moment in history, appears this prodigy of a book—an unequaled analysis of the period just past, a terribly clear formulation of the need for intellectual clearness, a warning against moral enthusiasms.

THE ECONOMICS OF PROGRESS. By the Right Honorable J. M. Robertson, M.P. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, 1918.

To one not familiar with the violent disagreement that has long existed, among those who ought to know, as to what political economy is or ought to be, it may seem that nothing but delight in the discovery of a rich, copious, many-sided theme of argument could account for the ingenious chapter on "The Aim and Use of Economic Science" with which that able writer and skilled parliamentarian, the Right Honorable J. M. Robertson begins his book, *The Economics of Progress*. Mr. Robertson plunges into the thick of the fray and deals blows here and there with an adroitness and an impartiality that win instant admiration. The average moderately cultivated reader is no more able to resist his eloquence than were the cultured and respectable members of the Amphyctionic Council capable of withstanding the eloquence of Aeschines. One feels inspired to go out at once, with pickaxe and crowbar, to remove whatever buildings sacrilegious hands have raised upon the sacred field of the economic Cirrha.

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Gradually it dawns upon the reader that the platform to which he has given his adhesion almost from the start is essentially a plea for Ricardi, Malthus, and common sense.

Economic science is essentially what Ricardi saw it to be, though its "laws" are simply formulations of *average* tendency. Nor is the "economic man" a mere delusion. "The 'economic man' is not an abstract prodigy of selfishness, but the normal economic man of commerce, who is honest and law-abiding and likes to be on good terms with his customers." His pursuit of gain "is the natural and normal economic motive of mankind." And "it is by enlightening men all round to the end of enabling them to choose the best course for all, and to discriminate between the orders of gain that economic life is to be raised.

As for Malthus his thesis is still to be reckoned with. To men who have never read his great work, Malthus has become just a name for an absurd theory. We say "Malthusian," and laugh! Malthus, in modern discussion, is the great man of straw. But Malthus was a man of genius, and the many alleged refutations of his ideas form a collection of fallacies that would afford excellent practice for a college class in logic.

What, asks Mr. Robertson, has the historical or sociological school of economists accomplished? If you go to Thorold Rogers, you will find, he answers, slovenly method and false facts. Rogers affirms that in the Plantagenet period England was "the only wool-producing country in Europe." Spain and Portugal, Mr. Robertson contradicts, were exporting wool all the time; and the author goes on to quote Villari as stating that in 1338 Florence, having coarse wool of her own, was importing fine wools "from Tunis, Barbary, Spain, Portugal, Flanders, *and lastly even from England.*" Rogers, the champion of inductive method, furthermore reaches this false conclusion through a spurious *deduction!* Cunningham does better. He often, though not always, corrects Rogers; but you will find in him surprisingly little that is helpful in the discussion of modern problems, and, on the whole, surprisingly little thought of any kind.

The whole method of the historic and sociological school is, in short, wrong. Let economics contribute what it can to history and to sociology (if there is such a thing); but beware of imposing the methods of history, or of sociology, upon economics. To do so is to make of economists only "a superior sort of quacks."

To modern problems Mr. Robertson applies his Ricardian and common sense view with energy and with acuteness. He does not stop with Ricardi, it should be said, but goes on to handle special cases in his own way—in the practical and reasonably argumentative way, that is, which must always be the way of the politician in any but an expert-ridden nation.

Always he sticks to his conception of "average tendencies" and "the economic man." Education *pays*. "It *pays* the manufacturer, when he introduces new machinery, to provide that labor shall not bear the whole burden of the transition stage." Again, "commercial warfare demonstrably *does not pay*."

Some of this reasoning seems obvious enough; but obviousness is not the general characteristic of Mr. Robertson's book. The

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author can hardly be called a "simplicist." His analysis of the effects of great private fortunes, his discussion of production as opposed to distribution, his proposal for a tax upon all capital as distinct from a mere tax upon land—all these are deft, subtle and clear expositions, denoting not merely Ricardian orthodoxy but grasp of the particular problems and acuteness in applying principle to cases—an ability none too common in a predominantly inductive world.

Mr. Robertson fairly wins the distinction of having written one of the very few really entertaining works on political economy in existence. His defense of reason against the pedantries of the mere researchers will win the sympathy of most readers, and his bold, controversial handling of the population question first posed by Malthus will warm the hearts of a considerable body of advanced thinkers.

THE RULE OF MIGHT. By J. A. Cramb. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1918.

Although J. A. Cramb's romance of Napoleon deals with but three days of Napoleon's life, it has anything but the directness and concentration that one would expect in the story of a single episode. *The Rule of Might* exhibits, in fact, the almost inevitable defects of a full-dress historical novel. The frequent parentheses of explanation or comment, the multiplication of details in description, the crowding of the stage with conspicuous figures, the painstaking effort to convey the social atmosphere of the time (even to boudoir scenes), the over-elaboratation of passions—all tend to make the story stiff and the characters puppet-like.

Parts of the novel are, indeed, as stiff, as conventional in design, and moreover as brilliant, as a piece of brocade. Despite faults, however, the story holds one's interest. The means by which it does this reveals the secret at once of its strength and of its weakness much better than could any analysis of its structure.

In a word, *The Rule of Might* is overcharged with emotion. In this respect it doubtless reflects the temper of the time (1809) and of the country (Austria) in an hour of humiliation. But the over-emotionalism is none the less a defect: it is a haze which prevents one from really seeing anything. Moreover, the author seems to identify himself with the feeling of the story, as who should say, "*This* is life at its most intense. *Here* is the tragedy of human life."

Thus, Mr. Cramb invests with a kind of splendor, as of intellectual heroism, the madly romantic and suicidal theory of the universe set forth by the poet Rentzdorf, who, rather than Napoleon or Napoleon's would-be-assassin, Friedrich Staps, is the central figure of the tale. He would have us take seriously Rentzdorf's desire to commit suicide with the woman he loved. Such impulses, no doubt, were not uncommon at the time. Lamartine, we know, was tempted in the same way. But can one to-day accept a resolution to commit suicide with one's mistress in a picturesque manner—a resolution that never quite got beyond the stage of exalted and dizzy sentiment—as anything but ludicrous in respect of real tragedy?

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Than emotional dead-seriousness combined with a certain moral levity, nothing could be more German, or more unlike the temper that has whipped Germany.

Mr. Cramb awakens interest. He makes us want to know what his characters thought. But he does not really tell us. He only tells us what they felt. Rather deftly, rather dramatically, he lets us see in Napoleon or others, romantic desire, disillusion, hate, suspicion, cynicism, morbidity,—and in one case, that of Staps, naïve heroism. Was there nothing else in human nature at that time? If so, the tragedy that the story embodies is deep and wide, and the only fault one could find with the tale would be that it is not half tragic enough. But, in point of fact, the persons thus portrayed do not convince. They seem not genuine men and women possessed by the various evil spirits doubtless active enough in the year 1809, but merely melodramatic figures, whose petty doings are lit up by "faint disastrous gleams" from an incomprehensible and storm-swept universe.

PATRIOTISM AND RELIGION. By Shailer Mathews, D.D., L.L.D. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1918.

Any profound discussion of patriotism requires analysis of the nature of nationality; any profound discussion of religion requires analysis of the nature of God. And since it is merely the ethical relations between religion and patriotism that Dr. Mathews deals with, clearness rather than profundity is the virtue of his book.

After noting that there unquestionably exists a relation between religion and patriotism, and pointing out that "the patriotism of contending nations has been identified with their religious development," Dr. Mathews arrives rather easily at the conclusion—the same which Mazzini reached in 1834—that "universal human welfare will result from co-operative nationalism." True religion, on the other hand, is "the religion of Jesus rather than the religion of the ecclesiastic," and it is in the former that our hope lies of transforming patriotism "from a belligerent to a co-operative virtue."

It is in the writing of apothegms rather than in the formulation of fundamental ideas that Dr. Mathews excels. His pregnant sayings, without striking deep into history or psychology, effectively sum up and clarify the opinions held by most right-minded and discriminating men to-day.

Especially sharp and well-directed are those shafts which Dr. Mathews lets fly at the pacifist heresy. "The pacifist is right when he claims that war is un-Christian, but he is mistaken when he claims that all participation in war is un-Christian. The truth of this paradox is apparent when opposition to war becomes opposition to *a* war." What would have been the duty of the Good Samaritan, asks the author, "if he had arrived while the robbers were attacking their victim? Love that seeks to do men good is cowardice when it refuses to prevent them from doing wrong." The moral power of Jesus must not be limited to "the rescue of individuals from vulgar sins."

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OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

XX

(October 7—November 7)

At three o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, November 4th, Austria went out of the war. At that hour the armistice which she had implored from the Entente Powers and the United States became operative, and hostilities, so far as she was concerned, ceased. Acceptance of the terms of this armistice by Austria was tantamount to her complete surrender. Under them she is rendered helpless to make further military effort or to oppose with force any terms of peace which the Entente Powers and the United States may decide ultimately to impose upon her.

Five days prior to this, on October 31st, Turkey had ceased to be belligerent and had obtained an armistice, the terms of which are equally drastic with those imposed upon Austria. Bulgaria having previously surrendered, the capitulation of Turkey and Austria strips Germany of the last of her Allies; utterly destroys the great dream of domination of the Central Empire, and makes certain the early and complete overthrow of Germany.

At the same time, all along the western front from the North Sea to the Swiss border, the armies of the Entente Powers and the United States have scored victory after victory. The Germans have been subjected to huge losses in men and material. They have been driven back many miles all along the front and forced to relinquish a large part of Belgium and some thousands of square miles of the French territory which they have occupied. Their urgent and repeated request for an armistice has been met as this is written by a statement from the Allied Governments and the United States, intimating broadly something of the terms of peace which we are ready to make, and notifying them that "Marshal Foch has been authorized by the Government of the United States and the Allied Governments to receive properly accredited representatives of the German Government, and to communicate to them the terms of an armistice." Word comes from Berlin to-day, November 7, that a German commission has started for the front to ask Marshal Foch for the armistice terms.

Thus, the 19th month of our war with the Imperial German Government closes with victory assured against all Germany's allies,—only the details of peace terms remaining to be established—and an equally definite victory against Germany rendered absolutely certain in the very near future, whether the German Government now in

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existence elects to accept the drastic armistice Marshal Foch is prepared to impose, or to make a further effort in arms to secure better terms. It is now fully manifest to every one that if the Germans do attempt further resistance, it can result only in increasing the severity of the terms of peace to which they must finally agree.

The 18th month of our war with Germany closed with the receipt of notes from Germany, Austria and Turkey seeking to open the way for peace. That from Germany requested President Wilson "to take in hand the restoration of peace," and accepted the programme of the fourteen conditions laid down by the President in his address of January 8th, and the principles of settlement enunciated in his later pronouncements, especially in his speech of September 27th. Throughout the United States and from the European Allies there was immediate demand in response that the war go on until the enemy had been beaten decisively. The people of the United States made it thoroughly clear that they had no intention of bargaining with Germany and no sympathy with a peace by negotiation.

On the afternoon of October 8th, Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, handed to Frederick Oederlin, the Swiss Chargé d'Affaires, the response of this Government to the German note. Mr. Lansing, in talking with newspaper men, characterized the response "not as a reply but as an inquiry." It said that the President did not feel at liberty to propose a cessation of arms to the Entente Governments "so long as the armies of the Central Powers are upon their soil." He added that the good faith of the Central Powers manifestly would depend upon their consent to withdraw their forces everywhere from invaded territory. Then he asked whether the Imperial German Chancellor "spoke for the constituted authorities of the Empire who thus far have conducted the war."

This note evoked sharp criticism in the United States especially from the leaders of the Republican party who all voiced a demand for unconditional surrender and declared against a renewal of note writing.

In a note dated at Berlin October 12th and signed by Doctor Solf, Secretary of the Foreign Office, the German Government reiterated its acceptance of President Wilson's terms and declared that "its object in entering into discussion would be only to agree upon practical details of an application of these terms." It declared that the German and Austro-Hungarian Governments, for the purpose of bringing about an armistice, were "ready to comply with the proposition of the President in regard to evacuation," and suggested that the President "occasion the meeting of a mixed Commission for making the necessary arrangements concerning the evacuation." Doctor Solf declared that the present German Government had "been formed by conferences and in agreement with the great majority of the Reichstag. The Chancellor supported in all his actions by the will of this majority, speaks in the name of the German Government and of the German people."

Press comment from all over the United States disclosed marked dissatisfaction with this note and renewed the demand for unconditional surrender.

Swiss newspapers at this time reported the German Emperor as

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engaged in planning governmental reform, including the surrender of the right of the Emperor to declare war and make peace.

On October 14th Mr. Lansing handed the President's reply to Mr. Oederlein. The note opened with the statement that "the unqualified acceptance by the German Government" of the President's peace conditions justified the President in making a frank, direct statement of his decision with regard to the communications of the German Government of the 8th and 12th of October. It then declared that it must be clearly understood that the processes of evacuation and conditions of an armistice were matters which must be left to the military advisers of the American and Allied Governments, and added that "no arrangement can be accepted by the Government of the United States which does not provide absolutely satisfactory safeguards and guarantees for the maintenance of the present military supremacy of the armies of the United States and the Allies in the field."

The President's note declared that neither this Government nor the Allies would "consent to consider an armistice so long as the armed forces of Germany continue the illegal and inhumane practices which they still persist in," and cited the fact that at the very time when the German Government was making proposals of peace, its submarines were sinking passenger ships at sea and the boats in which passengers and crews were seeking safety, and that in their enforced withdrawal from Flanders and France, the German armies were "pursuing a course of wanton destruction which has always been regarded as a direct violation of the practices of civilized warfare." The note then emphasized one of the terms of peace which the German Government had accepted,—namely, the following statement in the President's address at Mount Vernon on July 4th:

"The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world, or if it cannot be presently destroyed, at least, its reduction to virtual impotency."

"The power which has hitherto controlled the German nation," the note said, "is of the sort here described. It is in the choice of the German nation to alter it." The note added that a separate reply would be made to Austria.

On October 16th news despatches from Copenhagen reported that the German Federal Council had accepted the proposed amendment to the German Imperial constitution requiring the consent of the Federal Council and the Reichstag for a declaration of war in the name of the Empire, except in the case of invasion or attacks upon the coast. It accepted also the amendment requiring the consent of the Federal Council and the Reichstag to the treaties of peace and to treaties with foreign nations.

At the same time the Conservative party in the Prussian Diet adopted a resolution formally abandoning its opposition to the equal franchise in Prussia.

News despatches from Germany and Austria by way of neutral cities reported increasing ferment throughout the Austro-Hungarian Empire. On October 17th despatches from Copenhagen announced the proclamation in Budapest of Hungarian independence. On the

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same day Berne reported Baron Hussarek, the Austrian premier, as announcing that Austria was to be transformed into Federal states. The next day Berlin reported by way of Copenhagen that the Czechs were holding meetings in Prague with their own flag flying over the castle.

On October 19th the President's reply to Austria-Hungary was handed to the Swedish minister in Washington by Secretary Lansing. The President referred to paragraph 10 of his January 8th speech, which declared that the peoples of Austria-Hungary should be accorded the opportunity of autonomist development and cited the fact that since that sentence was uttered, the United States had recognized the belligerency of the Czecho-Slovaks and the justice of the nationalistic aspiration of the Jugo-Slavs. The note added that " the President is, therefore, no longer at liberty to accept the mere autonomy of these peoples as a basis of peace, but is obliged to insist that they and not he shall be the judges of what action on the part of the Austro-Hungarian Government will satisfy their aspirations and their conception of their rights and destiny as members of the family of nations."

The next day Amsterdam despatches reported Denmark as calling Germany's attention to her failure to carry out the plebiscite in Schleswig, according to the treaty of 1864 to decide whether the inhabitants prefer allegiance to Denmark or to Germany.

The third note from Germany in this series was received on October 21st. It accepted the condition that the procedure of evacuation and the conditions of an armistice should be left to the judgment of the military advisers, but stated that " the actual standard of power on both sides of the field has to form the basis of arrangements safeguarding and guaranteeing this standard." It expressed the hope that the President would not approve any demand irreconcilable with the honor of the German people and with a peace of justice. It protested against " the reproach of illegal and inhumane action," made against the Germans; defended destruction in retreat as necessary and permitted by international law; asserted that the German troops " are under the most strict instruction to spare private property," and that where transactions occur in spite of instructions, the guilty are punished. The note continued that Germany had never purposely destroyed life boats with their passengers and proposed with regard to all these charges that the facts be cleared up by neutral commissions. The note then announced that the German Government had ordered its submarines to cease attacking passenger ships. It argued at some length to prove the establishment of responsible government and the permanence of the new system, and concluded with the assertion that " the offer of peace and an armistice has come from a government which is free from any arbitrary and irresponsible influence and is supported by the approval of an overwhelming majority of the German people."

This note was regarded in the United States as a left handed and awkward acceptance of the conditions laid down in the President's note of October 14th. Meantime, reports from London showed that continual communication had been going on between the Allied Governments upon the terms of an armistice and upon conditions of peace, and preparations were under way for resumption of the sittings of the War Council at Versailles. On October 23rd Mr. Lansing delivered

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to Mr. Oederlein the President's reply to Germany's latest note. This reply opened with a statement that "having received the solemn and explicit assurance of the German Government of unreserved acceptance of the terms of peace" laid down by the President in his various addresses, the President had transmitted his correspondence with the present German authorities "to the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated as a belligerent," with the suggestion that the military advisers "prepare the necessary terms of such an armistice as will fully protect the interests of the peoples involved, and insure to the associated Governments unrestricted power to safeguard and enforce the details of peace to which the German Government has agreed."

In explaining the necessity for demanding extraordinary safeguards the note said, "it does not appear that the principle of a Government responsible to the German people has yet been fully worked out, or that any guarantees either exist, or are in contemplation, that the alterations of principle and practice now broadly agreed upon will be permanent." The note declared that the heart of the present difficulty had not been reached and that the "power of the King of Prussia to control the policy of the Empire, is unimpaired, that the determining initiative still remains with those who have hitherto been masters of Germany."

"The nations of the world do not and cannot trust the word of those who hitherto have been the masters of German policy," declared the note, "and in concluding peace and attempting to undo the injuries and injustices of this war, the Government of the United States cannot deal with any but veritable representatives of the German people who have been assured of a genuine constitutional standing as the real rulers of Germany. If it must deal with the military masters and Monarchial autocrats now, or if it is likely to have to deal with them later in regard to the international obligations of the German Empire, it must demand not peace negotiations, but surrender." Two days later on October 26th London reported that the Turkish minister to Switzerland had handed to the British minister there an offer of peace.

Meantime Colonel E. M. House, personal representative of President Wilson, reached Paris accompanied by Admiral Benson, Chief of Operations in the Navy Department, and a staff from the Department of State. He went to meet with the Supreme War Council. A Washington despatch reported an effort on the part of President Wilson to effect a unification of the war aims of the nations associated against Germany. Mr. Lloyd George, British Premier, with Mr. Balfour, Foreign Secretary, and a staff of military and naval officers, went to Paris at the same time for conferences and the meeting of the Supreme War Council. Colonel House established himself in a private dwelling in Paris, where informal conferences with representatives of the British, French and Italian Governments occurred at frequent intervals.

Concurrently there were many signs of impending upheaval in Germany. An Imperial Crown Council was held, attended by all the Secretaries of State, the Chancellor and the War Council. There were many reports of pressure on the Kaiser to abdicate and much unusually outspoken comment in the newspapers. Simultaneously evi-

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dences of internal disintegration multiplied in number and significance. There were numerous reports of mutiny of troops and of wholesale desertions from the army. News despatches reported the spread of rebellion among the Austrian Slavic communities.

News despatches from Berlin by way of neutral cities, reported that General Ludendorf had resigned his post as First Quartermaster General and that the Kaiser had accepted the resignation. The Reichstag by a great majority had adopted a bill placing the military command under the control of the civilian government, and it intimated that Ludendorf had resigned on that account.

On October 27th Doctor Solf addressed another note to President Wilson reiterating the assertion that the German peace negotiations "are being conducted by a people's government in whose hands rests both actually and constitutionally the power to make the deciding conclusion. The military powers are also subject to it."

In a note dated at Vienna October 28th Count Andrassy, the Austrian-Hungarian Foreign Minister accepted all of the conditions laid down by the President, including his note of Oct. 19, and renewed the request for an immediate armistice upon all Austro-Hungarian fronts. The next day Count Andrassy sent a personal message to Secretary Lansing appealing to him to intercede with the President in Austria's behalf. Serious rioting was reported in Budapest. Arch-Duke Joseph, second cousin of Emperor Charles, issued a proclamation stating that the Emperor had charged him with the duty of securing the complete independence of Hungary and saying that Hungary would join in a League of Nations. At the same time Count Michael Karolyi endeavored to launch an independent anti-dynastic state in agreement with the Czechs and South Slavonians. Karolyi first had an audience with the Emperor who refused to accept his plans.

On October 30th Amsterdam despatches reported Kaiser Wilhelm as discussing possible abdication and saying "If the moment comes when the interest of Germany demands it, I should abdicate and would do so without hesitation, but the moment does not seem to have come yet."

The terms of the armistice accepted by Turkey on October 31st were made public the following day. They included Allied occupation of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus; immediate demobilization of the Turkish army; the surrender of all prisoners of war held by Turkey without reciprocal surrender of Turkish prisoners held by the Allies; the surrender of all war vessels in Turkish waters; and the right to the Allies to occupy any strategic points in the event of any situation arising threatening the security of the Allies. The terms further included generally the use of certain Turkish shipping facilities by the Allies; the withdrawal of all Germans and Austrians, naval, military and civilian from Turkish territory in one month, and guarantees with regard to Armenia. Under these terms Turkey was rendered powerless to resist whatever terms of peace the Allies may decide ultimately to impose upon her, and the way is open to the Allies to reach the German naval forces in the Black Sea, and to re-open direct contact with Roumania.

The Austrian armistice which went into effect at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of November 4th, contained 7 military, and 11 naval clauses.

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They included the total demobilization of the Austro-Hungarian army and the immediate withdrawal of all Austro-Hungarian forces operating on the front from the North Sea to Switzerland. Within Austro-Hungarian territory, limited by a prescribed line which indicates, apparently, the intention of the Allies to demand the cession of territory in the peace terms; Austro-Hungarian military forces to be maintained only on the basis of pre-war effectiveness; half the artillery and equipment to be collected at points indicated by the Allies. The Allies secure the right of free movement over all road, rail and waterways in Austro-Hungary territory, and the use of Austrian and Hungarian transportation. The armies of the Associated Powers may occupy strategic points in Austro-Hungary to enable them to conduct military operations or to maintain order. They have the right of requisition, on payment, for their troops wherever they may be. All Germans are to evacuate Austro-Hungarian territory within fifteen days or be interned. All Allied prisoners of war to be immediately repatriated without reciprocity. The naval terms include surrender of fifteen Austro-Hungarian submarines and of all German submarines within Austro-Hungarian jurisdiction. All other Austro-Hungarian submarines to be disarmed under the supervision of the Associated Powers. Austria also surrenders three battle ships, three light cruisers, nine destroyers, twelve torpedo boats, and a number of other naval vessels to be designated by the Allied Powers, and the remainder of her Navy is to be disarmed under the supervision of the Associated Powers. The Allies and the United States secure freedom of navigation for all war ships and merchant ships in the Adriatic and up the Danube and its tributaries, and may occupy or dismantle all fortifications or defense works. Other conditions make these conditions effective in detail.

As a whole the terms absolutely strip Austria of the power of resistance and compel her to accept whatever peace may be imposed. She can do nothing more than protest against any terms which she may regard as too severe.

Throughout this month the advance of the Allied and American troops was reported and the reoccupation of more and more Belgian and French cities and territories, with the capture of great numbers of German prisoners, hundreds of guns, thousands of machine guns and vast stores of military supplies and munitions.

Cambrai was occupied by the British on October 9th. Four days later the Germans were driven out of Laon and La Fer. By October 13th the Franco-British-Belgian line in Flanders had made great advances and extensive captures. The next day the Germans started a retreat on a tremendous scale from Northern Belgium. On the 17th British troops entered Lille and Turcoing, and the Germans evacuated Ostend. The next day the Belgian King and Queen visited Ostend. Zeebrugge was taken on October 18th and the Allied troops entered Bruges.

Throughout this period the first and second American armies operating along the Meuse north of Verdun, pushed steadily toward Sedan and the railway which formed the main line of German communication.

On October 25th the Italian army employing 51 divisions and

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assisted by 6 divisions of British and French troops, and one regiment of Americans, began a general offensive along the line of the Piave. This offensive was immediately crowned with enormous success. By November 1st the Austrian defense along the Italian front had been broken up and was disintegrating. Before the urgent appeals of the Austrians for an armistice succeeded, more than 300,000 Austro-Hungarian troops had been made prisoners by this Italian drive.

On October 27th it was announced in London that General Allenby had captured Alleppo. These striking successes continued as they were day by day throughout the month, clearly revealed the crumbling of the German Allies.

But even while the Germans were appealing for peace, their army was continuing its wanton destruction in Northern France and Belgium, and its submarines were attacking passenger ships and shelling the life boats endeavoring to save the passengers from the vessels.

On September 30th a submarine attacked the American transport *Ticonderoga,* formerly the German steamship *Camilla Rickmers,* in mid-Atlantic. The transport had fallen behind her convoy. The life boats with escaping men were shelled. Only 22 of those on board survived. On October 5th the Japanese liner *Hirano-Maru* was torpedoed and sunk off the Irish coast and only 29 of the 380 persons on board were saved.

On the 11th a submarine torpedoed the Irish mail boat *Leinster* on a voyage from Dublin to Holyhead and fewer than 200 of the 680 persons on board were saved.

An interesting fact connected with the achievement of the unity of command of the Allied forces which has produced such signal success, developed on the occasion of Marshal Foch's 67th birthday. Mr. Lloyd George, the British Premier, telegraphing his congratulations to the brilliant French soldier said:

"I do not know whether I should more admire your marvellous skill as a commander, or the indomitable courage and unquenchable faith in victory which you have shown in the course of the war." To this Marshal Foch replied with an expression of his thanks and said:

"I do not forget that it is to your insistence that I owe the position which I occupy to-day. The sure sign of the glorious days awaiting our armies is to be found in the perfect unity which now exists among all the Allied forces."

This ascription by Marshal Foch of the responsibility for his appointment to Mr. Lloyd George is especially interesting in view of the assertions made by members of the United States Administration to the effect that the unity of command was due to the insistence of President Wilson.

The Fourth Liberty Loan campaign closed at midnight on October 19th with an amazing triumph. The Government had called for a loan of $6,000,000,000, the greatest ever called for by any Government under any circumstances. The subscriptions exceeded that huge sum by more than $800,000,000. There were more than 22,000,000 subscribers.

(This record is as of November 7, and is to be continued)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE SUBJECT-PEOPLES OF HUNGARY

SIR,—Your article in the WAR WEEKLY for October 12th, entitled "Hungarians Not Huns," impels me to write the first communication I have ever addressed to the editor of a paper, not with a view to the publication of my humble ideas, but to suggest a few sources of light for your next article on the subject.

Your statement that "There is no indication that they have any relationship whatever to the followers of Attila, or to any of the three other peoples who have been known as Huns," seems to me from its wording to have come more or less directly from the article "Huns" in the *Britannica*. Permit me to say that the author of that article must have meant that there is no *positive evidence* of the relationship; and even then he was wrong.

The field of study most neglected by Americans is history, and the part of the world whose history is most neglected by historians seems to be southern Russia and northern Asia. Yet there are men who have done valuable work in that neglected field, and whose labors have been crowned with some success. The best work in our own language is a book which appeared a year or so ago, entitled *The Eastern Roman Empire*, writen by J. B. Bury, an Englishman. That work deals with the history of the Eastern Empire from the time of Irene to that of Basil the Macedonian, and in addition goes into the history, origin and movements of the northern neighbors of the Empire. It contains the first and only authentic continuous history of the Bulgarian kingdom, and goes carefully into the neglected field which I have mentioned, giving the reader a really reliable description of the Khazars, Magyars, Alans and other Ural-Altaic peoples.

The sources used by Bury are mostly Chinese, Russian, Arabic and Greek. In other words, he goes to the neighbors of these tribes to ascertain what they were. Finlay's *Greece Under Foreign Domination* also gives much valuable information, as does the little history of Bohemia by Count Lützow, a Czech, not a German. V. A. Smith's *Ancient India* throws much light on such of these peoples as invaded India. In addition, various other articles in the *Britannica* add their force to the apparently valid conclusion that the Huns of Attila were members of the same family of nations to which the Magyars belong.

From these various writers the following facts may, it seems to me, be gathered: The Huns were members of the Ural-Altaic family, though they may not have belonged to the Ugro-Finnic branch which includes the Magyars.

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Before the Magyars left their homes east of the Dnieper to make their incursion into what is now Hungary, they took up numbers of Khazars and other kindred peoples, and amalgamated them into their own mass.

Furthermore, after the Tatars had ravaged Hungary in the early 13th century, the king of Hungary took in large numbers of the Kumani, and these became amalgamated also with the Magyars. This step was absolutely necessary in view of the depopulation of the country, yet it most probably introduced many additional elements of oriental savagery into the Magyar blood.

As to the racial origin of the Magyars and Huns, we must either conclude that the Huns were Ural-Altaians or that they were the sole and only invaders from the steppes who were not Ural-Altaians. We must conclude that their savage manners and customs were borrowed in whole from their neighbors or that they themselves were of the same family of nations as those neighbors. We must either conclude that there were two kinds of Asiatic invaders, the Huns and the others, or that they were all from the same stock. All the evidences are that they were from the same stock.

The races of the Ural-Altaic family have at various times sent out their hordes, under all sorts of names, for the conquest of eastern Europe and western and southern Asia. They appear as the Yue-Chi, the Kushans, the Tatars, the Khazars, the Polovtsi, the Kumani, the Magyars, the Huns, the Avars, and last, but not least, the Bulgars and Turks. All came from the same general source, geographically, linguistically, and apparently racially. They were all nomads, fierce, brave, and with a certain genius for organization which led them to establish political entities of various kinds in a number of different places. The Kushans in India, where they absorbed what was left of the culture of Alexander, and spelled their names on coins modelled after Greek coins, and in Greek letters. The Khazars set up an empire on the lower Don and Volga, took up the Jewish religion, carried on extensive commerce with the Arabs and Greeks, and conducted themselves in every way as a great nation. The Magyars did the like in Hungary, and the Bulgars and Turks in the Balkans and in Asia Minor. The Huns established their empire in the Ukraine, and were overlords of the Goths.

The theory, once held, that the Magyars were *identical* with the Huns, and constituted simply a second irruption, has never been tenable, and has long since been abandoned. If, when you state that the Hungarians are not Huns you mean that they are not *identical,* then of course you are right, and no one has disputed that proposition for many years. Another theory was that some of the Huns have been left in the Alföld, and by their increase became large enough to invade western Europe, and that their name was a modification of that of the Huns. That theory is disposed of by what later scholars have learned about the Slavs, their homes and relationships.

At some time near the period of Heraclius the Slavs seem to have become the holders of most of Europe east of the line of the Elbe, the Bohemian mountains, the Danube and the Adriatic. They drove the Greeks nearly out of Greece, absorbed or drove out the Thracians, bottled the Rumans up in the mountains of Transylvania, and occupied the virtually vacant lands of the great central plain of Hungary and of

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Bohemia. Several states began their growth, the Serbian kingdom and the Bohemian kingdom, with which we are more or less familiar, and the Moravian kingdom, with which we are not familiar. Yet this Moravian state included most of Hungary, excepting of course the Transylvanian mountains. It had several kings whose names are well known, and it had diplomatic relations with the kingdoms of Germany (under Lewis II) and Bulgaria, and also with the Eastern Empire. It was for the conversion of the Moravians, his near neighbors, that the Eastern Emperor sent Constantine and Methodius into *Moravia*, not Bohemia, although, owing to the immediately subsequent destruction of the Moravian state by the Magyars, the Bohemians became the chief beneficiaries of their work. It was for the Moravians that the Glagolitic alphabet was invented, for the translation of the Bible into Slavonic. And Constantine and Methodius were taken because they were from Salonica, and the inhabitants of that city were known to speak pure Slavic.

The Magyars broke straight through the Moravian state, driving out or killing all the inhabitants of the central plain of Hungary, and leaving untouched only the Moravians of the mountains to the North, part of whom came finally under the Bohemian crown, while part remained subject to the Magyars and are now the Slovaks. These Magyars rooted out completely the peaceful population of an area of fifty thousand square miles, and took their places.

In addition, a good part of the history of Hungary is the story of their partially successful attempts to kill off, enslave and subject the Slavic populations to the south of the Alföld. Their activities in that direction have given them control over Croatia-Slavonia, the only part of the present kingdom whose deputies are allowed to use their own language in the Diet.

The Rumans of the eastern mountains began, about the 13th century, to go down into the plains of Moldavia and Wallachia and to establish themselves there as a landholding and agricultural population, yet they did not escape the Magyars, who had some shadowy rights over both territories. Wallachia was considered part of the Banate of Szörény, and John Hunyady, who was Ban of Szörény, is known under one of his names, "The White Knight of Wallachia." However, the Turkish conquest separated the Danubian Principalities from Hungary, if their own princes had not already done so, and only the Rumans of Transylvania were left under the Hungarian crown. They are still under it.

I have bored you with this narrative in order to lay a predicate for a word of caution and a request. That is, that when you next refer to the Magyars, with whose desire for liberty I am in entire sympathy, you also refer to their subject-peoples of the Slovaks, Rumans and Serbo-Croatians with the same feelings of sympathy. By expressing sympathy with the Magyars and not mentioning their subject peoples, you mislead the thousands of persons who very justly regard your words with great confidence. And there can be no doubt that the Slovaks, Rumans and Serbo-Croats have suffered as much from the Magyars as the Magyars have from the Germans. In fact, Magyar freedom from German influence simply means freedom to persecute their subject peoples, and this can only be avoided by giving those peoples absolute independence, and not "the freest opportunity for autonomous development."

In doing justice to the subject-peoples of Hungary, we have an

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amazingly simple problem. Each race is closely related to and in sympathy with a larger number of its kindred outside the border of Hungary. The Slovaks and the Czechs, the Rumans and the Rumans of Rumania, and the Serbo-Croats and Serbians, are closely related, and an international boundary which cuts each of these three races virtually into two parts, leaving each "half slave and half free" has no place in the peace which should follow this war. Half measures in either of these three cases will lead inevitably to another war. We must not let ourselves be blinded for one moment to the absolute necessity of giving the Slovak counties to Bohemia, Transylvania and the Bukovina to Rumania, and Croatia-Slavonia to the new South Slav state.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. F. B. LATADY.

NATURE AND JOHN BURROUGHS

SIR,—May I add from the lengthy book of my experience some incidents in support of Mr. John Burroughs' defence of Nature from Tennyson's reproach that she is "Red in tooth and claw?" This could only apply in any case to a small fraction of her empire—the carnivora —and the cruelty is very largely discounted, firstly by the fact that most animals are lacking in those sensitive nerves which give us pain; and secondly that the attack of the maurauder seems to carry with it a sort of anaesthetic which deadens in a very curious way the sensibility of the attacked.

The absence of sensation in fish is very pronounced. Here are two crucial cases. I was fishing on Goose Creek, an affluent of the Rio Grande. I watched a trout feeding in mid-stream. I threw my fly above him, he seized the lure but the faithless gut snapped at its joining with the line. However the fish returned to his station and I could see the glint of my long cast with its three flies trailing far below him in the stream. He remained feeding while I rigged up another cast and he again snapped at my fly. This time the gut held and I landed the fish, recovering the first leader. Now it is impossible to suppose that the fish in any way appreciated the hook in his lip, or was incommoded by the leader to which the fly was attached, for he went on feeding as if entirely unencumbered.

Here is another illustration that fish can have no nerves of sensation about their mouths. An Irish gentleman, expecting a Bishop to dine with him, took his rod to supply his Lordship with a fresh fish. There was a small lake on his estate, and he saw a pike stationed at the mouth of the inlet which supplied water to the lake. Putting a frog on his hook he cast it into the stream above the pike, who voraciously seized the bait, and after a due amount of fight he was landed. It was yet early in the morning so the fisherman extricated the hook out of the fish's mouth and threw him back into the lake. To his surprise the pike went back to his previous station waiting for anything that the rivulet might bring him. Again he baited his hook with a frog which the pike again seized; he was again landed after a tussle and again thrown back into the lake, and the fish swam back to his original position as if nothing had happened. This was done three times. Now it is impossible to believe that the pike in any way felt any discomfort or soreness from having a large hook three times torn out of his mouth.

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That the victim of a stronger animal, intent upon its destruction, is so shocked as to preclude any sensation of pain, has numerous illustrations; space restricts me to two typical instances.

My friend, Lieut. Gen. Brownlow, was traversing, with a brother officer, an Indian jungle, when suddenly a tiger sprang upon his friend who was close before him. He fired at the springing beast and shattered his lower jaw. The tiger dropped, but in a moment, seeing the General close to him he reared and put his paws on his two shoulders. Although his lower jaw was all but useless he managed to mangle the General's knee and left hand. The General averred that he felt no pain other than if some one had struck him a blow, but what is still more remarkable, for the General was a deeply religious man, is that at this crisis of his life, when a blow from a tiger's paw would have finished his career, the only thought which possessed his mind as the tiger was breathing his last breath in his face was, "What an ugly brute you are."

My second illustration is even more remarkable. Major Shepherd was crossing the country with his Regiment; when camping near a village which was pestered by a man-eating tiger he was petitioned by the villagers to rid them of their enemy. A man-eater is an old tiger who finds it difficult to forage for his living in the open and prowls about the outskirts of a village, picking up now a human being, now a villager's cow. In this case the tiger had killed a cow and eaten half at one repast, the habit of the man-eater being to finish the cow at the second meal during the following night. The villagers erected a scaffold in sight of the quarry and the Major took his place on it. During the night the tiger appeared. An angry growl and a spring behind some rocks told that he had been hit. The Major remained on the scaffold until it began to dawn when he very foolishly descended and went to seek the tiger, whom he found behind the rocks still very much alive. The beast sprang upon him, knocked him down, took him up as a cat would a mouse and walked away. Not having a good balance, he laid his victim down and took a better hold, hitting his head against the stones on the ground, but it was the last effort of the tiger's life, and he dropped dead. Of course the bones in the neighborhood of the major's shoulder and some ribs were broken. When on furlough he came to London to have the broken bones reset and loosened. He then told me that he felt no pain whatever when the tiger was carrying him, and the only thought which occupied his mind was, "I wonder at which end he will begin to eat me."

But the chief gravamen against Nature is not its cruelty but its extraordinary wastefulness. The natural effort of all generation is to reproduce the original, but this effort in the vast majority of cases is fruitless. How very seldom is an oak tree found to sprout from any one of the thousand acorns that fall upon the ground; how few of the millions of the seeds of the cotton tree, floating away on their downy wings, ever take root downward and grow up upwards? Indeed a moment's consideration will convince us that if every seed produced a plant there would not be room for human beings to exist in a world of such exuberant vegetation.

Or, look at the fecundity of fishes. The cod is said to produce sixty million eggs in a season. Now if each of these eggs produced a codling, and so on and so on, the very sea itself would be almost solid with piscatorial life.

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As far as I know only one philosopher has given us any solution of this extraordinary feature of the impotency of Nature to reach its legitimate object. That philosopher is the man whose writings are more read than the writings of all other men put together, and it is in his Epistle to the Romans, which in the opinion of many is the greatest piece of ratiocination the world possesses. In the eighth chapter St. Paul declares that this impotency of Nature was not due to any inherent incapacity but that it was deliberately imposed by the Creator until such time as man recovered what his sin had divested him of, namely, the capability of regulating Nature, "dominion over the earth."

H. Martyn Hart.

The Deanery, Denver, Colorado.

SUGGESTIONS

Sir,—I have been reading the War Weekly and also The North American Review, buying the same at the news-stands. I have concluded I want to be sure of getting every number, and therefore inclose check for five dollars for combined subscription.

There has been considerable discussion as to the future of Constantinople after the war. By general consent, the Turk is to be pitched out of Europe, and the question then is, who should have charge of the administration of the city? Russia cannot handle her own territory; Bulgaria should not have it, and it cannot be given to Serbia or Greece without serious difficulties. Joint control has never worked well. Not many Americans would be satisfied to hand it over either to France or England.

Why not turn the civil administration over to Belgium? It would be a stinging rebuke to the Hun; a glorious tribute to the bravery of Belgium, and in the care of a small nation Constantinople would not be a menace to the rest of the world. I have never heard this discussed or mentioned in print. Coming from an obscure country lawyer, it would not be discussed for what I think is in it. Let Mr. Harvey think the proposition over and, if he agrees with me, present it as his own suggestion in some future number.

I don't want to be a nuisance with suggestions, but Colonel Harvey discussed, some time since, possible nominees for the Presidency, and here is another suggestion: Let the Republican party nominate ex-Secretary Garrison on a platform of loyalty, and I think the rest of the campaign would take care of itself. I need hardly add that the Republican party once took a Democrat and won in 1868.

This is so revolutionary that it is best not to spring it with the other suggestion. As a life-long Republican, I would like to see just this nomination made.

Pipestone, Minn. C. T. Howard.

WE CONCUR

Sir,—On the principle that "every little helps" I wish to commend most heartily William Roscoe Thayer's article in the October Review. It is the best prophylactic against maudlin sympathy for the "Hun"

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that I have read. Albeit, out of respect for the Huns of history, I do not like to apply that epithet to the Prussianized Germans of to-day. Mr. Thayer always writes well—very well, in fact; but this time he has written admirably. I wish his article could be published in pamphlet form and placed in the hands of every family where English is read.

I take the liberty also to say that your correspondent in Glenbrook, Conn., is probably in error regarding Sir Henry Wotton's definition of an ambassador. As the Carnegie library here is temporarily closed, I cannot investigate the case fully; but William Lewis Hertslet, an Englishman born in Germany, says in his *Treppenwitz der Weltgeschichte*, the sixth edition of which lies before me, that the definition was written by Wotton in the album of his friend Fleckamore thus: "*Legatus est vir bonus peragre missus ad mentiendum rei publicae causa.*" Taking into account the time when Sir Henry lived, and his reputation as a scholar, his use of the Latin would be antecedently probable.

ATHENS, OHIO. CHARLES W. SUPER.

IN TIME OF CRISIS

SIR,—I have read your WAR WEEKLY and am a reader of your great monthly. I am pleased to state that I certainly appreciate your grand work in leading the thoughts of the Nation aright in the war crisis.

I have but one criticism, and that is your disposition, as I see it, to hedge at times on the idea that you might be taken to be partisan. You are a partisan in the sense that you are positive. You know what you know and say it. And this you do in an original and pleasing style.

War is a positive thing, and it must have determined and inflexible leadership both upon its military side as well as upon its diplomatic side—a leadership that is capable of holding the Nation firmly to the verities involved, that there be no wavering on the ultimate purposes, failing in which, all the sacrifice of blood and treasure may be in vain. Particularly is this needed in the gigantic struggle in which we are now involved. The German propaganda is watching the vulnerable spots in the allied diplomatic front, with an eye single to personal predilections and waverings in the personalities of the Allied leaders, as closely as it watches for the weak spots on the battle front.

DURANT, OKLA. C. H. ELTING.

COMMIT IT TO MEMORY

SIR,—The October number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is the best ever issued.

Thanking you for the great number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I am, sir, W. J. BOONE.

THE COLLEGE OF IDAHO, CALDWELL, IDAHO.

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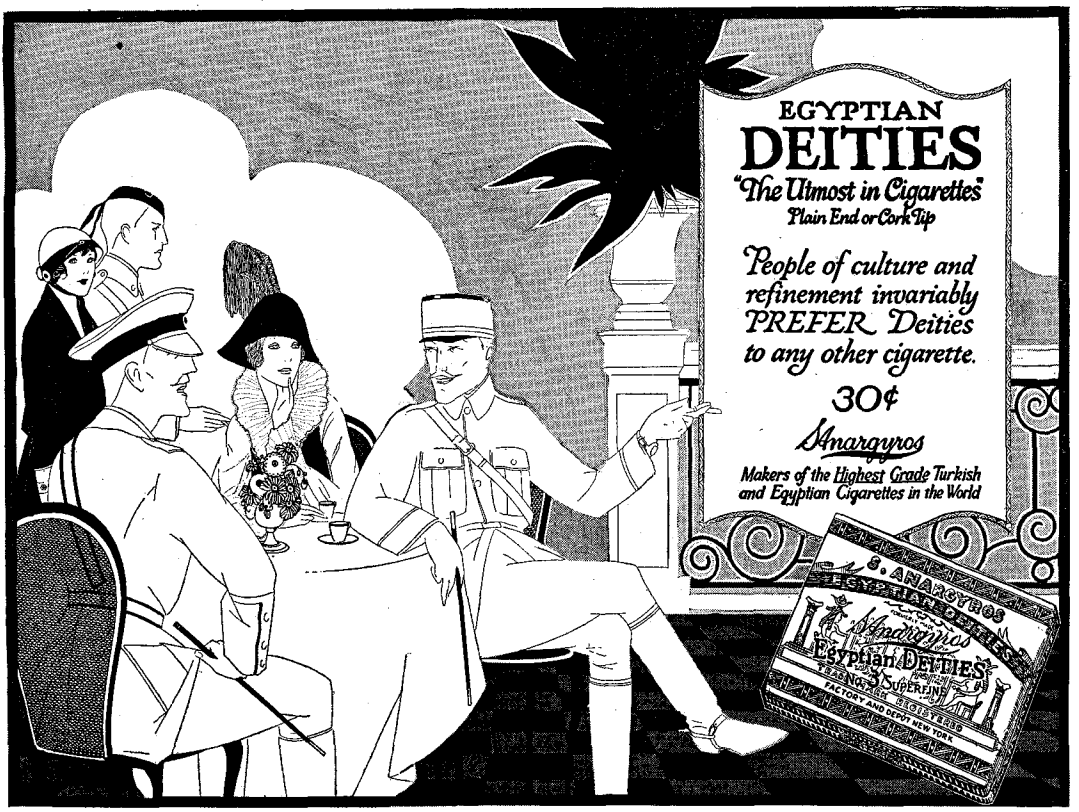
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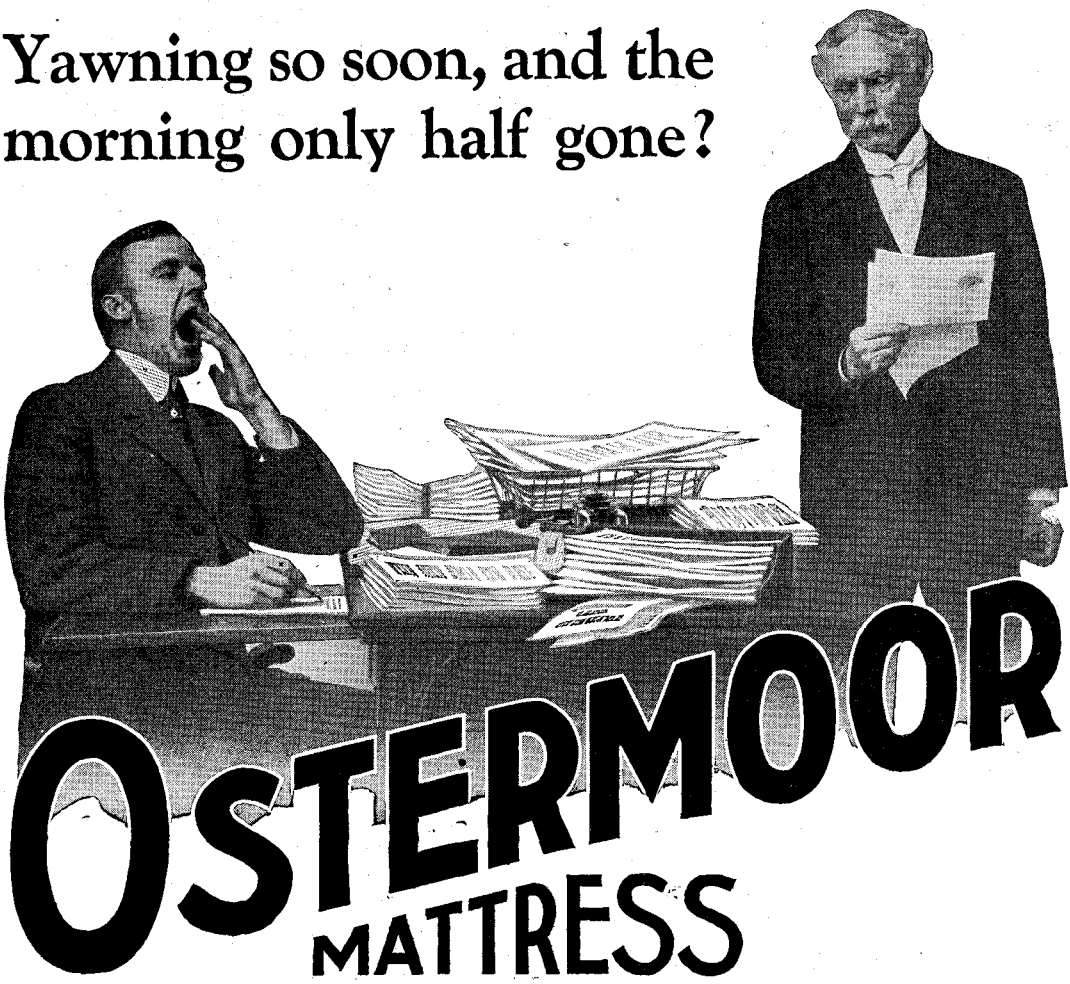

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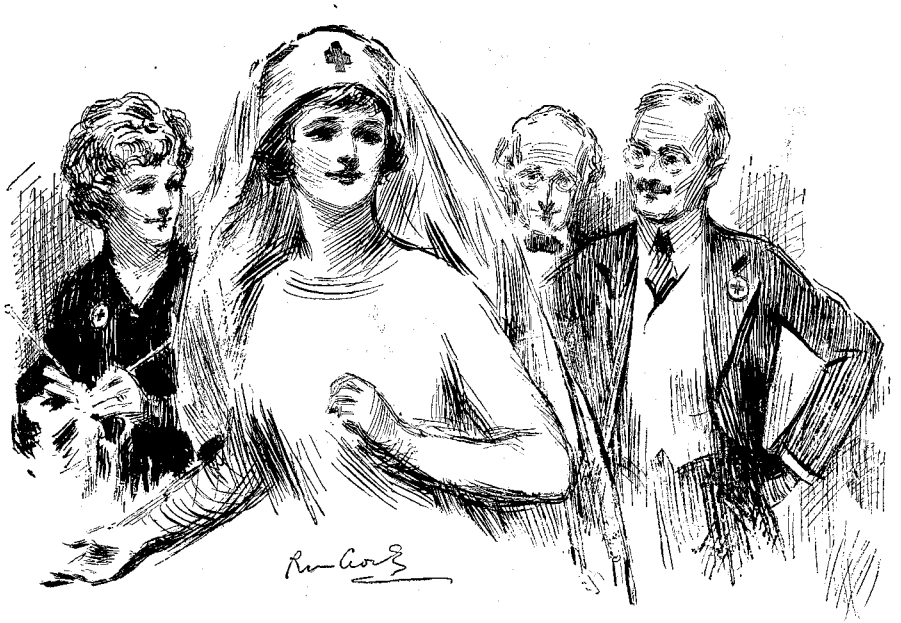

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EVERY man and woman in the country, not in khaki or navy blue, should answer "present" to the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call the week of December 16-23.

A message of good cheer will be sent overseas this coming Christmas Eve, to hearten our fighting boys and our Allies.

That message must be complete —there must be no room for doubt that we stand behind them — it must bear the word that there is *Universal Membership* in the Red Cross—*their Red Cross.*

Let us make our second Christmas at war a Red Cross Christmas —with full membership in every American home.

All you need is a Heart and a Dollar

RED CROSS CHRISTMAS ROLL CALL

December 16—23

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